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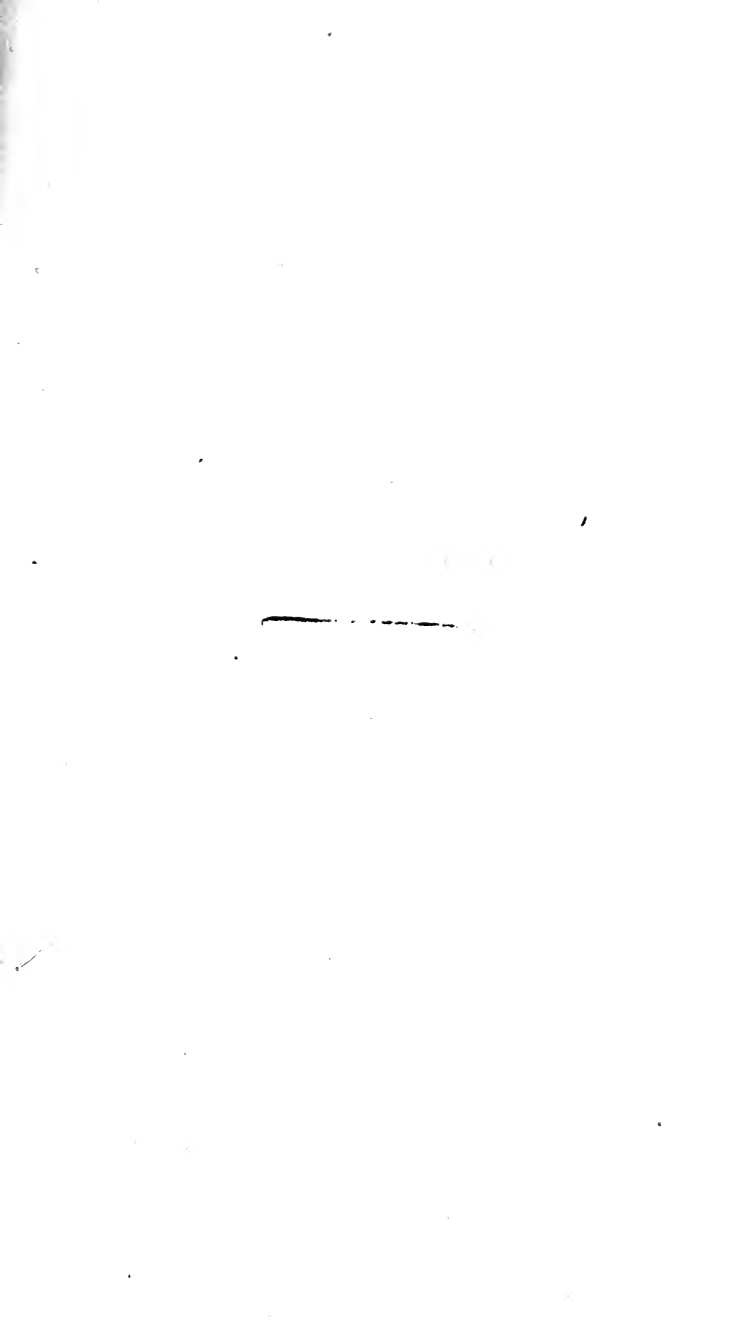
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JOHN DE LANCASTER.



VOLUME III.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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JOHN DE LANCASTER.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

*The Arrival of the Party from Glen Morgan
at Kray Castle.*

IN the morning of the day after that, in which the miserable remains of old Ap Rees's hapless daughter were interred, the whole party under orders of march for Kray Castle took their leave of Glen Morgan; the Wilsons, father and son, with Amelia and Mrs. Jennings, in the coach, and John, as usual, on his favourite horse; the equipage of

Mr. De Lancaster, properly attended, having arrived the day before.

An apartment, commanding a very beautiful prospect, had been made ready for Amelia, by the order and under the inspection of the presiding lady of the castle, who with the taste and elegance natural to her had fitted it with every thing, that could be devised for the use, ornament or amusement of the fair visitor, who was destined to take possession of it. In a very handsome dressing-room adjoining to the bed-chamber, and communicating by a flight of steps with a flower-garden in high cultivation, Cecilia had provided a selection of well-chosen books, nor was music overlooked in the catalogue of accommodations there collected and displayed. A young woman, daughter of an old domestic, and perfectly qualified to wait upon the per-

son of a lady, was instructed to consider herself as specially and exclusively attached to the service of Miss Jones.

When the turret-bell gave the signal of an arrival, the servants of the castle arranged themselves in the hall, nor was the harp silent upon the entrance of our hero, conducting the fair stranger through their respectful files to the saloon, where Cecilia received them. After they had reposed themselves for a few minutes Mr. De Lancaster entered, and with a gracious smile made his cordial salutations to each in turn, reserving his embrace for John, last, but not least in his favour.

When I see my family circle, he said, thus recruited by the return of my former inmates, and graced with the accession of my new ones, I experience a pleasurable conviction, that so long as

Providence shall indulge me with a capacity to enjoy these blessings, I should be, and I am, devoutly thankful, although one member of our community has been lately lost, and in the instance of the other, who is absent, I am totally disappointed and defeated of all hope. To you, John De Lancaster, my grandson, in whom I glory, I render thanks for the honour you have conferred upon my name and family by your noble conduct in the melancholy case of old Ap Rees's daughter; and I am particularly pleased, that your generous feelings for the injured did not betray you into angry and intemperate personalities against the worthless wretch, whom Heaven, not you, must call to his account. In his melancholy fate we see an instance of the impolicy as well as the impiety of setting all regard to character at de

fiance. The evil spirit hath not so established his authority upon earth, that men will risque to be the friends of him, who dares to be the foe of virtue. Innocence will not be violated, nor justice braved and insulted with impunity. Where is there one amongst all the favourites of fortune, to whom more happy opportunities and brighter hopes of prosperity have been vouchsafed, than to that young man, who is now become the object of our aversion and contempt? What might he not have been? Alas, what is he now?

I should be at a loss, said the elder Wilson, to answer that question, because I could not find words in the language to express his crimes: but murder of the blackest cast is amongst them, so that methinks is one item, which has a pretty good right to cry out in the cata-

logue. Were I on his court-martial, I would hang him without mercy, and I think I could almost find in my heart to be present at his execution.

Not you, not you, said Cecilia in an under-tone, and laid her gentle and reproving hand upon his shoulder.

She is right, resumed De Lancaster ; she knows you better than you know yourself. I am persuaded you are no otherwise a friend to punishment but as it tends to reformation ; that is not the property of hanging. The poor Irish criminal, who before he was turned off ingenuously declared it should be a warning to him in future, materially mistook his own case. Excision is no cure : I much doubt, if that dreadful process ought to be resorted to in any instance.

Surely not, the colonel observed, except to save the body's health ; with

that view I myself submitted to the amputation of a limb.

Secure the community, De Lancaster rejoined, against further danger from the obnoxious member, and let no man's extinguishing decree deprive his guilty fellow creature of a chance for repentance and atonement. Here, if I mistake not, we may let the question rest, and relieve the ladies present from a painful disquisition.

Upon John's enquiring of his aunt, if she had any news of his father, she informed him she had received a large packet, which was not producible except in private ; and in truth it was a journal, which not only on account of its prolixity, but of its absurdity also, requires a separate and exclusive chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The Journal of Mr. Philip De Lancaster.

“ Dear Sister !

“ When I arrived at Milford Haven I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

“ When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig, that brought me thither. Being

in no capacity for making enquiries in my own person about a passage to the South of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me ; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him, and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth being what I was in search of for Mrs. De Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection ; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble either to myself or him about a matter of such absolute indifference.

“ It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were

stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had however a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

“We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather ; the captain’s conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board ; but when he had no

longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste, to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

“During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

“One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collec-

tion of handcuffs, fetters and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

“ He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security’s sake ; For how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon us and cut all our throats ?—Though I immediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence ; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to pro-

ceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon; where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

“ The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the near neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it; he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me

down at Lisbon ; observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to apprehend ; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

“ In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was cheering me and himself with these pleasant assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the fore-castle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises ; for now a

cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt, as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they, who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post, being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true De Lancaster by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

“When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative, so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of

rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience, for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

“I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently adroit to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

“The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon packets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find

myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours; young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excellent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of my bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of the flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pains with the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

“There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so

much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

“As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake, which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

“I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

“Your very faithful servant
and loving brother,

“PHILIP DE LANCASTER.”

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster in his Hotel at Lisbon receives the News of his Lady's Death, and is visited by Sir David Ap Owen. The Consequences of that Interview are related.

IF this letter was read by our hero with mixed impressions of vexation and disgust it is little to be wondered at, for certainly no character less extravagantly absurd than that of Philip could have dictated such a narrative in a serious mood and without varying from the truth of fact. The intelligence of his wife's decease was now gone to him at Lisbon, and the consequences, that might ensue from the fatal weakness of his intellect and the interested cunning of the widow Owen were very seriously to be apprehended.

His natural indolence still kept him a voluntary prisoner in his hotel at Buenos Ayres and under the hands of his surgeon, though he had no longer any need of surgical assistance. When Cecilia's letter reached his hands he was sitting, in all the costuma of a wounded invalid, in a bed-gown and night-cap, with his leg, that, having once been bruised, had not forfeited its privilege, resting on a stool provided with an easy cushion. Having perused the contents, he deliberately folded up the letter, laid it on the table before him, and, reclining back in his chair, surrendered himself to a kind of drowsy meditation on the solemn nature of the event, now communicated to him : at length, being in the habit of talking more confidentially to himself than to any other person, he

murmured out the following reflections, as they presented themselves to his mind without order or connection.

“ I thought she had not long to live. I was prepared for the event. It was naturally to be expected, and Llewellyn himself seemed to cherish very feeble hopes. Death is common ; she is dead, and all the medicines she has taken have been of no avail ; even music could not save her. Well ! I have done my duty ; witness the incredible pains and trouble I have taken to seek out a suitable climate and commodious house for her to winter in : one of these after infinite labour I had happily discovered, and the other I was using unabating diligence to provide for her. As things have turned out I might have spared myself this voyage ; but no matter—It is some consolation to reflect that I

have done what I could ; and if my travels have not proved serviceable to her, for whose sake I undertook them, they have not been totally unprofitable or unpleasurable to me ; for, with the exception only of the surfeit I got of salt-fish, and the bruises I suffered by shipwreck, I passed my time very comfortably at sea, and if I have not seen any thing worth my notice on shore, I have been at least where it was to be seen, and that is something for a man of curiosity like mine to reflect upon with satisfaction. Now that I am a widower, and only in the noon of life, people will be saying to me—Why don't you marry again ? This I am to expect, but who can judge for me so well as I can for myself ? Nobody knows what matrimony is but those who have undergone the trial. A man may risque it once in the

way of an experiment, but to repeat it is a sacrifice to posterity and a compliment to the sex, which I am not disposed to make. No, no; I must not come on there any more. Let me do Mrs. De Lancaster the justice to confess, that there was an accommodating lassitude in her, a hypochondriac inertness, a congelation of all the volatile humours, harmonizing so entirely with my feelings, that I despair of finding any second wife so happily endowed; I dare not trust myself with the widow Ap Owen: she has indeed many excellent endowments; and in spite of all my family can say against her I will maintain my opinion of her as a very elegant engaging woman, aye, and one, that in many respects is entirely to my taste, but then (oh Heaven and earth!) her eyes are so quick, her voice so shrill, her

spirit so high and her health alas ! so alarmingly good, that I could never promise myself a life of ease with her—No, no ; she will not suit.

Just as he had struck upon this antehymeneal sentiment Sir David Ap Owen came into his room—I am this instant arrived from Cintra, he said, where in the loveliest spot upon the habitable globe I have been entertained in a princely style by a gentleman of the factory, Devereux by name, diamond contractor with the court of Portugal, and universally looked up to as a man nobly descended and of great wealth. He has one son, who jointly conducts his business, and one daughter, who to the recommendation of a very handsome person adds that of a very considerable fortune ; In short, I have some thoughts of the girl, and in consequence of that

idea have a small favour to require of you.

Name it, Sir David.

Simply to take an opportunity of calling on Mr. Devereux, and in the course of conversation naturally to say, that you know me to be what I am—A man of honour, fortune and of high respectability on the score of family. This is what I want from you, friend Philip, and all I want from any man. You know it to be true and of course will have no difficulty in averring it. I am a stranger in this country: impostors have assumed names and titles, and Devereux, being a trader, is a cautious man. Come, sir, put on your clothes, and accompany me directly: my carriage is in waiting: as for your leg, it has been well these three weeks.

But if I were to put on my clothes,

Philip replied, I could not go out in them, for I have no mourning, and by a letter from my sister, just now received, I am informed that Mrs. De Lancaster is no more.

Dead ; defunct ?

Even so.

That is an event indeed of great importance. In one respect it liberates you ; in another it enthrals, and binds you to your promise.

I don't rightly understand to what promise you allude.

Is it possible, rejoined Sir David, (his fierce eyes flashing as his fury kindled) is it possible you can feign to forget the engagement you are under to a lady, whom I have the honour of being related to, and whose natural protector I am ? If your memory, Mr. Philip, is of that deceitful unretentive texture, you

are indeed a true De Lancaster. But make good your engagement out of hand : a lady's honour may not be trifled with. The inveterate animosity of your rancorous son, so called, and the injurious charges he has fostered, forged, and urged against me in my absence, have this morning been reported to me by my agent at Penruth. They are such as he must answer and atone for, unless you by fulfilling your solemn promise to my mother, shall interpose your fatherly mediation and heal the else irreparable breach between our families.

It is not my fault, Philip calmly replied ; for all the world knows me to be a man of peace and quiet ; but as to healing breaches in the manner you prescribe, give me leave to observe, Sir David, that it is a very early day for me to

be thinking of a second wife before I have yet put on mourning for my first.

Yet, sir, you must think of it, reiterated Sir David, (elevating his voice) and seriously too, though I shall not hurry you in the execution of it. You shall have time to mourn, if that be what you wish for; but my spirit has been much too deeply galled by the son to bear any aggravation from the gentleman, who allows himself to be called the father—Therefore in one word—Your bond, sir, to my mother, or your blood.—There is but this alternative: so take your choice.

You will give me time, Sir David, to deliberate upon this.

Just as much time, Mr. Philip De Lancaster, as it will cost my lawyer to write out the bond. I will call upon you

before two hours are past. With these threatening words the loud-tongued bravo bolted out of the room—Mercy on me, exclaimed the affrighted Philip, what shall I do now, hedged in as I am between matrimony and murder. ?

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster receives a second Visit from Sir David Ap Owen, and is forced into Measures not very willingly acceded to.

FAITHFUL to his time, 'Sir David walked into poor Philip's room without ceremony, followed by the bearer of the bond, and accompanied by a miscreant, who, in the counterfeited dress of an officer, was in his true character and profession nothing better than a bully and assassin.

There is the bond, said Ap Owen, throwing it on the table : this gentleman, who drew it up, will read it over to you, and point out the place where you are to sign and seal. Though in itself a mere matter of form, yet where a lady's honour is concerned, it is a form indispensable. It will behove you therefore instantly to complete it : if not, this brave and gallant officer, who holds a respectable command in the army of his most faithful majesty, and is my friend, will be under the unpleasant necessity to demand satisfaction of you in my name, and settle time and place for deciding our difference by the death of one of us.

Immediately the bond-bearer began to gabble it over with that kind of inarticulate rapidity, which to Philip's perturbed senses gave little chance for understand ;

ing it. This ceremony being over, the operation of signing and sealing was pressed forward with the utmost haste, and urged by Sir David and his mock-military friend with no common importunity.

What could poor Philip do, *hedged in*, as he had observed, *between matrimony and murder* ? He looked up, and in the face of the black-whiskered demon-like assassin, that stood over him with the pen, read his fate if he refused : he signed the bond, and sealed it with *the winged harp*, that never since the days of Bladud had been so disgraced : by this he was pledged to a penalty of twenty thousand pounds, if he failed in the conditions, or, if he fulfilled them, consigned over to the arms of Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen, relict of Mr. David Ap Owen, and daughter of he knew not whom.

As soon as this was done, the bond-bearer folded up his paper, thrust it into his bosom and walked off: the principal and his second sate down on each side of Philip—We have now one common interest, said Sir David, and are friends for life. The injurious treatment I have received from those, with whom I shall be so nearly connected, and chiefly from your son, may now be amicably adjusted. You, Mr. Philip De Lancaster, will be united to one of the most amiable women in the world; a lady descended from the illustrious house of De La Cerda, and endowed with every grace, and every virtue, that can render the married state correctly honourable and supremely happy.

If it be but quiet, that is all I ask, poor Philip said in a desponding tone. After a short pause he added—If this gentle-

man has no particular objection to leaving us alone, I should wish to say a few words to you, Sir David, in private upon family concerns.

Sir David desired the colonel, as he called him, to wait for him in the next room: Philip took the liberty of informing him that he should go to England by the packet for the purpose of settling some affairs, that in consequence of Mrs. De Lancaster's decease would require his presence.

To this Sir David replied—I perceive you have not strictly attended to the conditions of the bond, you would have else have known that to separate yourself from my mother before marriage would involve you in the forfeiture of it. We mean to pass the winter months at Cintra, where I have engaged a house in the near neighbourhood of Mr. Deve-

reux's villa. It is sufficiently large to accommodate us both; and you will there not only find yourself in an earthly paradise, but enjoy the full opportunity of cultivating a more close acquaintance with the truly amiable object, who is destined to make your future days respectable and happy. What a violation would it be of all the rules of gallantry and good faith were you to run over to England and desert her! No, my dear sir, (and here Sir David took his hand and attempted a look, which, if he meant it as a smile, was a wretched and most libellous imitation) no, my dear sir, he said, I could not for any consideration in life submit to part from my good father-in-law elect, for whom I have conceived so cordial an esteem, and in whose society I promise myself so many agreeable hours. Having now

definitively adjusted your alliance with my mother, I shall lose no further time in sounding Mr. Devereux on the disposal of his daughter, and we may very probably effect a double marriage at the same happy moment, provided only that I find the young lady's fortune answer my expectations.

That is truly a very prudent consideration, Philip replied, and puts me in mind, Sir David, to ask you what is the fortune I am to expect with the lady your mother.

The happiest that can befall you, was the answer, and a bond of twenty thousand pounds cancelled on your wedding-day. With these words Ap Owen left the room, whilst poor Philip, silenced but not satisfied, made no further effort to detain him.

Though Mrs. Rachel De Lancaster

had some grounds for expecting a proposal, she had no such plea upon the score of actual promise as could constitute a claim so peremptory as now was urged upon him ; and with all the partiality he had ever felt or expressed for the widow, it may well be doubted if his dread of marriage would not in all cases have outweighed his hopes of happiness. But now, crest-fallen and spiritless, in a strange country, which he dare not quit, and conscious, that, except within the walls of his far-distant home, he had not in the world a friend, to whom he could unbosom his sorrows and appeal for succour and advice, he poignantly felt the full impression of his distressful situation. To his father he was ashamed to write ; to his sister writing could not serve him ; Colonel Wilson was not a man for his

purpose, and there remained only his son John, whom, though he had hitherto treated as a child, he now thought proper to address by letter; and in the course of the next day, after as much meditation as his mind was capable of, he wrote as follows.

“ Dear son !

“ The circumstance of your mother’s death, communicated to me in a letter from your aunt, has involved me in a very serious difficulty, of which I lose no time to give you an account. Sir David Ap Owen, who has settled himself here for the winter, and with whom I am upon the best terms, has used very cogent means to prevail upon me to enter into contract of marriage, claiming the fulfilment of a promise, which he states that I have made to Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen his mother, when I visited

her at Penruth Abbey. Now though I will not deny but that words were said by me, which she has a right to consider as extremely flattering, I do not think they can be made to bear the interpretation of an absolute promise, as insisted upon by Sir David. I protest to you, son John, I am not a man inclined to hasty measures, more especially of a matrimonial nature, being, as you know, rather studious of my repose; and of course I took some pains to satisfy the gentleman that, with all possible respect for the lady, it would suit me better to leave her in possession of her tranquillity, and continue to enjoy my own. Sir David's answer to this was by the statement of an alternative, which was not a little embarrassing, as he left me nothing but a choice of difficulties; declaring that I must either instantly decide to keep faith with his mother,

and pledge myself to marry her, or turn out with him and end the difference by the death of one of us. Now though I am not afraid of death in a natural way, knowing we all must die, yet I am for conscience-sake a most determined enemy to duelling, by which my grandfather lost his life ; I therefore had insuperable objections to the latter part of his proposal ; and seeing him also accompanied by a gentleman of a very martial appearance, who, though offering himself as second only, seemed by far more terrible than his principal, I thought good to compromise the matter, and executed a bond, obliging myself under a very heavy penalty (not less than twenty thousand pounds) to wed the lady on the expiration of three months to come. Now as every one must acknowledge the uncommon merits

of Mrs. Rachel Ap Owen, and none can be more sensible of them than I am, I console myself with the reflection, that if I shall be perfectly recovered from my bruises, when the time comes that our union is to take place, it may prove the happy means of restoring that ancient and accustomed harmony between our families, which with much regret I understand has of late been interrupted. You are thus possessed of what I have to say, and as I suspect that my father will be adverse to this hasty match ; and doubt if even Cecilia with all her candour will be entirely reconciled to it, I conjure you by your filial duty and affection, if you find them obstinate in their opposition, to come over in person to my relief and comfort ; forasmuch as I am bound not to stir from this country, and so closely watched that,

were I disposed to attempt it, I am certain the attempt would be frustrated, and perhaps be fatal.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to you; lay it to your heart: recollect that you are my son, and if haply you possess that active spirit of your ancestors, which has not descended upon me, take pity on my situation, and hasten to the rescue of your affectionate, but afflicted, father—

PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

Philip had just time to set his name to this lamentable epistle, when a young gentleman of good person and elegant address, who had been announced by the name of Devereux, entered the room. He understood Mr. De Lancaster to be in habits of friendship with Sir David Ap Owen, and, if he had not

been misinformed, they were near neighbours in Merionethshire.

Philip said he had been rightly informed. They were near neighbours. Sir David's seat at Penruth was not above four miles from Kray Castle, where he lived with his father.

Penruth has been represented to me, said the gentleman, as a very fine old venerable mansion—Philip nodded assent—And the estate about it very considerable; indeed, as I have been told, very capital.

I have been told the same, Philip said; but I am not curious about people's estates. Sir Owen, this young gentleman's uncle, lived very handsomely, and very hospitably, upon it. That is all I know of the matter.

I suspect, rejoined the other, I may appear to you more inquisitive than I

ought to be ; but I beg leave to say in my own defence that I was particularly referred to you by Sir David himself.

Sir David could not have referred you to a more unfit man : I am as ignorant of my own father's estate as I am of Sir David's, and of Sir David's as I am of your's.

Why then, sir, I must pay a visit to Penruth myself ; for I have my father's strict commands to obtain information of every particular necessary for him to know relative to Sir David Ap Owen, who, I must now tell you, has made proposals to us for marrying my sister.

Yes, and to me, said Philip, for marrying his mother ; you see therefore it is a family-affair between us, and though I have not a single syllable to offer why Sir David's marriage with your sister should not take place, I confess it would not break my heart if mine with his

mother was put off for ever. Now, sir, if you are bound to England, I can truly say, I wish I were going with you; but if you meditate a visit to Penruth Abbey, where there is nobody to receive you, I most earnestly recommend it to you to turn aside and go to Kray Castle, where my father and his family will be happy to see you, and where you may do me a singular piece of service, if you will take charge of this letter, which I have just been writing, and deliver it privately to my son, whilst I will trouble you to be the bearer of a few lines to my good and worthy father, simply to let him know how respectable a visitor I shall have the honour to introduce to him, when you are pleased to avail yourself of his well known hospitality.

Sir, replied Devereux, I am setting off

for England in to-morrow's packet. Of your letter to your son I will take faithful charge, and deliver it to him in the manner you prescribe. I also thankfully embrace your very kind offer of introducing me to your father, of whose high character for worth and honour I am not uninformed ; whilst I must own there is a mysterious kind of cloud about Sir David Ap Owen, through which I am not able perfectly to see my way ; for I find him totally unknown to our British envoy here, and have not heard him say what brings him and the lady, to whom it seems you are engaged, into this country, having so lately succeeded to a great situation and establishment in his own. With respect to his proposed connection with my family, I must beg to say, that although we reside here in the character and capa-

city of merchants, we have nevertheless such pretensions on the score of noble birth and property by no means inconsiderable, as give us a perfect right to use every honorable precaution for knowing whom we are to receive into our alliance, provided the gentleman, who proposes, shall prove acceptable to us as well as to my sister ; on whom nothing has been sparingly bestowed, that either nature could give or education improve.

This being said, what further passed is not important to relate. Philip wrote a short letter to his father, and having delivered it, and his secret packet, to Mr. Devereux, took his leave of him, and as he grasped his hand with a sensation, rarely, if ever, felt by him before, he sent from his sad heart a longing sigh towards his beloved native country,

which fate, that had doomed him never more to visit it but as a corpse, gave to the winds, that dispersed it on its passage.

CHAPTER V.

Another Soliloquy of Mr. Philip De Lancaster.

Our History returns to the Family at Kray Castle.

WHEN the Irish tailor, who had been a journeyman botcher in London, and was now become a master of journeymen botchers in Lisbon, had invested the well-made person of Mr. Philip De Lancaster in an ill-made suit of rotten black, the mourning bridegroom elect, having paid the bill and dismissed the bill-maker, examined himself in the glass, and thus, as was customary with him, mournfully soliloquized—

“Luckless man that I am, must I put aside this habit on my wedding-day? Wherefore; on what pretence; I have undergone that ceremony once already, and by experience can more than guess to what sad hours that ceremony leads. Marriage, by high authority denominated honourable, is, through perversion of its purposes, to many become disgraceful, burdensome to most, and a blessing, as I verily believe, to few, if any, who know how to compute what is a blessing, and what is their bane. There are indeed a few soft silly things amongst the mass of female spinsters, that a man, who knows the value of their ignorance, might possibly with proper care prevent from growing wiser; but a widow—(Oh my hapless fortune, Rachel Owen is a widow—) who can keep in ignorance? Not I; not any man.

Her eyes, her air, her action, every movement and every word prognosticate sagacity, that will not be deceived : then what a pipe ? Good Heaven, if that voice, which is so shrill whilst only warbling Spanish tonadillas, that to me are unintelligible, shall be roused to exert itself in plain English argumentation, farewell to all repose ! nor peace, nor quiet shall I ever know. How am I sure she is not a Jewess ? She may, for aught that I can tell, be lineally descended from that wicked king, who put to death all the innocents ; and if so, how shall I escape ? Happy Devereux, he is on the seas : would I were on them too, or under them, rather than what I may be, aye, and shall be if that sharp-eyed widow sets her wits to work. I begin to think I made a wrong choice, and should have taken my chance of

turning out with the son, rather than of turning in where I shall have no chance at all. There seems nothing left for me but to fall extremely sick, and that I may really be so without feigning, I will instantly call in a Portuguese physician, and (which is more than any patient less desperate will promise) I am resolute to take his physic. Ah, where is my good friend and countryman Llewellyn? My poor wife followed his prescriptions, and behold! here am I in his livery, black as the hands of man can make me. Ah Llewellyn, Llewellyn, in Wales it was quite enough for me to endure your company; I never wished to be your patient till now that I am in Lisbon, and under sentence of a dose more bitter and against my palate than you ever mixed—But what if John De Lancaster should come upon my call? There

would be a champion worthy of my cause : Glendowr's magic could not conjure up a braver or a stouter spirit. He is young, not married, not, like me, bent to the yoke, but free, untrammelled and untamed. I'll cherish hope ; I'll feed upon the thought that my brave boy will come, and vex myself no more."

Whilst this sad ditty was in recitation Devereux was wafted swiftly over the ocean, favoured by a freshening gale, that blowed direct for England, as if impatient to salute the mother of the winds and mistress of the waves, amidst which she sits safe and encircled on her chalky throne.

Mean time our John De Lancaster, from whose society we have unwillingly been separated for some short while, could hardly count the hours, so quick

they passed, when with his loved Amelia
by his side,

They fled away with down upon their feet.

It might now be most truly said that the good old chief of the family at Kray Castle was surrounded by a groupe of happy subjects, all loyal, free and affectionate, all witnessing his benevolence, regaling themselves in the sunshine of his smile and sharing the enjoyments of his hospitable board : his cooks seemed perfectly persuaded that spits were made to turn, whilst his cellerman probably forgot that the property of a spigot was to stop a barrel. Scarce a day passed, which was not marked by the attention of his neighbouring friends ; Sir Arthur Floyd and the new allies were frequent in their visits, for they had a passionate,

affection for our hero, and whilst their eyes dwelt with approving pleasure on the fair Amelia, they destined him to her arms, and paid her their devoirs as to a bride elect.

Mrs. Jennings, respited from all the anxious responsibility of a governess, seemed to retain nothing but that unalterable affection for her beloved charge, which was natural to her, and began to think of retiring to her independence at Denbigh—I see you now, my dear Amelia, she said, firmly seated in the hearts of this liberal and benignant family, adopted by the excellent Cecilia, and favoured beyond all my hopes by the venerable De Lancaster; and what more have I to do but to lay down my cares, and rejoice in your good fortune? I have to the best of my power fulfilled the promise, that I made to your dear

father, whose conscious spirit, now in bliss, looks down upon you; my prayers for your happiness, and for the life of him, on whom your happiness depends, will for the remnant of my days be fervently put up to that Almighty Power, whose attribute is mercy. Go on, my child, in the right course, in which I strove to train you, and from which you never yet have strayed. Cultivate Cecilia: Guard your young heart against the dangerous allurements of sudden elevation, and that unlooked-for prosperity, which is at hand to put your constancy, your piety, your humility to the test. Mean, low-born persons are too apt to turn giddy on the wheel of fortune, when it lifts them from the dirt; but recollect, that in hereditary rank and dignity your pretensions are as high as those of the De Lancasters

and Morgans, who in riches, not in ancestry, have an advantage over you, and riches only, as you well know, constitute no actual superiority. Let your humility therefore, though in itself one of the most commendatory qualities you can possess, be that gentle virtue, which your religion dictates, but never let it sink below the mark, at which true conscious honour has a right to stand.

Cecilia's lessons, not less edifying, were of another cast; for every word, that fell from her lips, was tinctured with a suavity and grace peculiar to her elegance of character. When she addressed her admonitions to the heart, their object was to inspire it with benevolence, with charity, with resignation and that christian lowliness, which whilst on earth it sinks, secures its happiest surest flight to Heaven. To these

Amelia listened with delight; on these she formed herself, and, happily for her, whilst she received the precept, she beheld the example, that confirmed it. Every day gave her new graces, till the charms of beauty were but as ornaments, whose only use is to set off the lustre of the real gem.

As for the grand-father of her beloved, it was something curious to remark how soon she found a strenuous advocate in him. When he descanted she was all attention; nothing could draw her from him. He would say, Amelia listens to me with good sense and apprehension: There is a marked discernment in her silence, that is more pleasing, aye, and more eloquent than all the studied praise that flattery can suggest—I have been thinking, he said one day, as they were sitting in their family circle, I have been thinking,

John, that if I live to see the day when you shall be of age, how perfectly it would complete and crown my felicity, would you take it into your gallant mind to make me a present on that joyful occasion. I would have you think it is not a trifle, that will satisfy me. It must be a measure of your esteem for me, and a full satisfaction, recompence and return for all the love, the care, the fond anxiety, that you have merited and I bestowed. Look around, and tell me if you guess my meaning.

John had not far to look, for Amelia sat beside him struggling to conceal her consciousness of the allusion, and dreading to hear that, which would have given her such delight to have overheard without the confusion of being present. In this instant, most opportunely for her rescue, whilst all her

efforts could not prevent her blushes from betraying her, the harp of David Williams sounded in the hall, and she exclaimed above her usual pitch—Oh, what a charming strain.

Bid him come in, said the old gentleman, addressing himself to his grandson, and if the muse has visited her votary, perhaps she will supply him with words to that strain, which our dear Amelia seems to be so pleased with—David has a quick invention when his wits are well warmed with his favourite metheglin.

The minstrel entered and was led to a seat in the corner of the room, at the farthest distance from the company assembled. Having lightly sounded the strings of his harp to prove if they were in perfect tune, he asked if the young stranger lady was in the room.

Mr. De Lancaster told him that Miss Amelia Jones was present, and had expressed herself much pleased with the melody, which he had been rehearsing in the hall: Could he play it over to them again?

Perhaps not quite the same: He would attempt something as like it as he could recollect, he hoped it would be not much worse, but he doubted if it would be exactly the same.

David, said De Lancaster again, you have enquired if Miss Jones is present; I have told you that she is, and if you could see her, and be satisfied how fair a lady you are invited to address, your muse, inspired by her beauty, would be propitious, and mere melody would not be all, that we should hear from you.

Roused by this challenge to his genius, the blind old bard spread his hands upon the harp, and having rested his

forehead on the frame of it for a very few minutes, after an appropriate prelude, extemporaneously broke forth as follows.

“ Lady, they tell me thou art passing fair,
And blest by Heaven with a celestial mind ;
I hear thee speaking, but I know not where,
For woe is me, poor minstrel ! I am blind.

Yet when the muse inspires me, I can trace
Forms, that to mental vision seem divine ;
My fancy can pourtray an angel's face,
Dress it in angel smiles, and call it thine.

Still through the windings of these antient tow'rs
Your dark musician can explore his way,
For my dear patron's animating pow'rs
To these benighted orbs can give the day.

Object of all our love, of all our care.
To thee, brave youth, our honest praise is giv'n ;
Thy deeds, recorded in the poor man's pray'r,
With that sweet incense shall ascend to Heav'n.

Oft have I bless'd thee, borne thee in my arms,
And oft have hush'd thy wailing infant cry,
Or witching thy young heart with music's charms
Chang'd the loud laugh to pity's melting sigh.

And shall not he, that feels the virgin's wrongs,
In some fond virgin's nuptial arms be blest,
Whilst grateful bards record him in their songs
In love the happiest, and in heart the best?

But who is this in bridal robes array'd ?
What beauteous vision is it that I see ?
Hail, fair Amelia ! this celestial shade
Is the bright form my day-dream shapes for thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Devereux arrives at Kray Castle.

WHEN David Williams had concluded his lay and retired, Mr. De Lancaster gravely observed, that in ancient times prophecies and prayers and even laws were delivered in verse ; then, turning to his grandson, he said, Let David's vision be realized on the day that you are of age, and you and I, John, shall be two of the happiest of human beings—

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who brought a letter; it was that, which Philip had sent by young Devereux as his introduction to the hospitalities of Kray Castle. A servant was dispatched by Devereux with it as he entered the park, and the old gentleman had barely time to read it to his family circle when the porter's bell announced an arrival. John hastened to the hall door, as Devereux in his travelling equipage drove up, and received him with that natural cordiality, which, assuring him of his welcome, might be said to constitute friendship at first sight. When he presented him to his father, the good man had entered the hall, and, taking him by the hand, said—I have read the letter, Mr. Devereux, which you bring me from my son, and am proud of the honour you confer

upon me. I beg you will consider this house as your own, and the longer stay you shall think fit to make in it, the happier we shall be. I know your noble family full well, and respect every branch of it. He then said aloud to his servants—See that proper care be taken of every thing belonging to Mr. Devereux, and be sure you let his people want for nothing: they are strangers to this country.

During the ceremony of introducing him to Cecilia and the rest of the family, in which Mr. De Lancaster was somewhat precise, young Devereux acquitted himself as a gentleman familiar with good company, gracefully and without embarrassment: in his person he was light and elegant, and in his countenance there was great expression, though not perfect symmetry of features: there was

a quickness of intellect and of spirit in his eyes, that nobody could mistake.

He was speedily at his ease, and in answer to Mr. De Lancaster's enquiries said, that he had been extremely lucky in a good passage by the packet, and not less so in his journey since his landing. He expressed himself highly pleased in the opportunity he now had of visiting his native country, for he was born and bred in Herefordshire, where his father had an hereditary property, and it was part of his business in England to look into the affairs of that estate.

To Cecilia's question about her brother's health he replied, that Mr. De Lancaster had received some slight hurt in the ship, that brought him over, and when he visited him at Buenos Ayres, had his leg upon a chair; but added with a smile that he believed he rested

it merely from habit, as he observed, that he had the perfect use of it, whenever he had occasion to employ it.

That is so like him, said De Lancaster to Colonel Wilson—Aye, replied the colonel, I would not change my wooden leg for both his, if I made no better use of them than he does.

Is my father coming over, said young De Lancaster?

I believe not yet. He has friends at Cintra, and 'tis likely he may pass the winter there.

I hope, Mr. Devereux, the old gentleman observed, my son has the honour of being known to your father, and that it is in his family he forms his friendships.

I have no doubt it will be so, Devereux replied ; but at present Mr. De Lancaster has formed no connexions but with a lady and gentleman, who I believe are

neighbours of your's, when they are at home. If I rightly understand Sir David Ap Owen, who is the gentleman I allude to, he has a considerable property in this county, and a handsome seat not far from hence.

Sir David Owen has a very antient and respectable station in this near neighbourhood, called Penruth Abbey, and a very considerable property in land about it. The lately deceased Sir Owen ap Owen was a worthy gentleman, lived hospitably, and was respected by his countrymen and neighbours : he was truly of a very antient stock, and I had the happiness to consider him as my particular and very good friend. Penruth Abbey is well worth your seeing, and if you have a wish to ride over, my servants shall attend upon you. I am sorry to say, that between our houses,

since Sir Owen's death, all intercourse is at an end.

Devereux bowed, and on that subject said no more. The conversation then took a general turn, till supper was served up by the orange-tawney liverymen in great feudal state, and Devereux, to whom these specimens of antient manners were extremely interesting, was in due time and order ushered to an excellent apartment, by Cecilia's direction elegantly set out and provided with every thing, that was appropriate to his comfort and repose.

The next morning, after breakfast, he signified to John that he wished to have a few minutes in private with him. In a rustic building at the end of a walk, that winded though the ornamented ground, he delivered to our young hero the letter he was secretly encharged

with from poor Philip—When he had read the letter, John said, there is matter in this letter, that concerns me nearly, and affects me deeply. Are the contents, so far as they relate to my father's situation with the widow Ap Owen, known to you ?

In some degree Devereux 'confessed they were not unknown to him. He had been informed by Sir David that Mr. De Lancaster had entered into an engagement for marrying that lady.

I would go to the farthest foot of land on the globe of earth, said John, to save him from that fatal, that disgraceful, that detestable connection. Rather would I see my father dead and in his coffin, nay, rather would I die myself, than see him married to that odious, that felonious woman.

You astonish me, cried Devereux ; she

must artfully have concealed her character from me, if it merits to be so described, which I must not presume to doubt of. And now, Mr. De Lancaster, since you have so far trusted to me by committing yourself to expressions of such abhorrence with respect to that lady's character, I will, with your permission, confide to you the situation, in which I stand towards her son—Sir David Ap Owen has made proposals of marriage with my sister—(John started, and betrayed considerable agitation)—Yes sir, he has offered himself to my father, and it is solely upon that account I am come over to assure myself of particulars as stated by Sir David, touching the character, which he bears in his county, the family he is of, and the fortune he possesses. Now my father conceives, though for the present he is engaged in

contracts as a trader, yet that he is intitled both by birth and property to be perfectly secured from any misrepresentation whatsoever, and I must freely confess we think there is some mystery about Sir David, and cannot divine his motive for deserting a fine place and property, so newly devolved upon him, and coming to Lisbon of all places in the world, unless upon the plea of health, which by no means seems to be the case either with his mother or himself. His pretensions, as he states them, are such as my father cannot reasonably oppose, and it does not appear, if we were satisfied as to all essential points of character and general conduct, that Sir David Ap Owen would be unacceptable to my sister, who, I must take the liberty to say, is qualified to look quite as high, as to this gentleman, who addresses her; and,

having no flaw in her pretensions, has a right to expect that none such shall be found in his. In this predicament I stand, protector of a sister's honour, and responsible for her happiness, which I am sure you will allow to be a serious and a sacred trust. If therefore you could bring your mind to put that repose in my honour, which, if you knew me better, I flatter myself you would not withhold, and would speak to me as friend to friend respecting this connection, you would confer the greatest favour possible on me and mine.

Sir, replied the gallant youth, (touched to the heart by the appeal now made to him, which brought to his recollection poor Ap Rees's case) I have no doubt of your honour, and as I am determined to go over to the rescue of my father from his dangerous situation, you shall in the

mean time hear nothing from me, or in my company, relative to Sir David, which I will not be ready to avouch in presence of your father to Sir David's face, if you can bring him to the meeting. However, sir, as there are certain restrictions, which bear with extreme force upon me, and do not affect others equally able to satisfy your enquiries, I will instantly conduct you, if you have no objection to lengthen your walk, to a place, where every thing shall be made known to you by one, whose veracity cannot be questioned.

CHAPTER V.

John De Lancaster and Devereux visit the Minstrel Ap Rees.

IT was to the romantic little tenement, which John De Lancaster in his bounty had bestowed upon Ap Rees, he now proceeded with his companion Devereux, pondering by the way upon the wretched situation of his helpless father, and devising means how to overcome the difficulties, that he foresaw would assail him in his project for leaving England. He could as yet see no way through the labyrinth of obstacles, that from all quarters would be opposed to his departure; and of these the sorrows of Amelia, though probably the least obtrusive, were by no means the least to be apprehended, or the easiest to surmount.

The information he could gain from

Devereux did not in all points satisfy his curiosity ; for Sir David Ap Owen had said nothing to him of the menaces he employed for obtaining the bond, and with Philip he had had but one interview, which disclosed still less of what John wanted to be explained than the letter, which he had been reading.

As they went on their way discoursing, the cottage of Ap Rees in all its rural loveliness caught the eyes of Devereux, and caused him to break forth in rapturous admiration of it—We are going thither, said our hero. That is the habitation of the minstrel Ap Rees, who from his childhood has been domesticated in the Ap Owen family, and is, as you will soon discover, a person of no ordinary talents ; and although now old and blind, and (which is worse than both) broken-hearted by misfortunes, yet is he second to none that our coun-

try has to boast of, either as harmonist or bard.

Alas ! said Devereux, old and blind and full of sorrows, with feelings yet alive to every pang they give him, what accumulated misery must his be ! Heavy enough, I should conceive, must be his loss, who cannot see the beauties of this lovely spot, nor gratify his senses with the scenery, that nature in the wantonness of her luxuriance spreads around him. But doubtless it is to the bounty of the heir of the Ap Owens, that he owes these comforts, this asylum for old age to rest in, till Providence shall graciously be pleased to terminate his sorrows, and close those eyes in death, that are already merged in darkness and despair.

'Tis natural, John replied, that you should so conjecture : but no Ap-Owen gave him that asylum.

To whom then does he owe it?

No answer was given to this question ; and now the notes of the harp, accompanied by the voice, caused them to stop and listen at the wicket of the little plat of grass, that for a few yards ran sloping down from the cottage. The harmony was of the most pathetic, sad and solemn cast, delicately touched by the hand of the master, but of the words they could distinguish few, except that by a passage more strongly given out than the rest, they concluded it to be the lamentation of a father at the funeral of his child.

He ceased and all was silent in the house—'Tis exquisite, said Devereux ; but pray don't ask him to repeat it. I should not like to see him, and to hear him at the same time—John walked up to the house-door, opened it gently, and

entered the room, followed by Deve-reux.

The old man had replaced himself in his elbow chair ; his son Robert had put away his harp, and in a corner of the room apart sate a young woman, who held her white apron to her eyes, and appeared to be weeping.

As soon as Robert announced Mr. John De Lancaster Ap Rees rose from his seat, and with his claspt hands pressed upon his bosom, bowed his head and exclaimed—The Providence of Heaven be with you, my most honoured benefactor ! Are you come to visit your poor beadsman ? Oh, that I could see you ! With the benevolence of an angel in your heart I am sure you must have the divinity of an angel in your countenance.

Robin, said the youth, do not address

me in those terms. Call me your friend ; for such I really am. The gratification I receive in giving comfort to a man like you, if indeed you are comforted, is full repayment ; I deserve no praise. Now tell me sincerely ; what is there besides that I can do to put you at your ease ?

Nothing is wanting, he replied : Man can do no more for man than you have done for me. I have my son yet left ; thanks to your bounteous goodness for the blessing ! she in the corner, Sally Gwynne by name, a kinswoman of my late wife, is a good girl and waits upon me kindly : she was the beloved friend of my poor Nancy, and has been much affected by my mournful dirge : I did not know it, else I would have stopped. But sure I hear the footsteps of another in the room.

Your ear is correct, said De Lancas-

ter. It is Mr. Devereux, a friend of mine. He listened to your dirge with great attention. I would not have you to repeat it, but let him know the purport. Tell that young woman to withdraw— And now I am about to put a melancholy task upon you, but it much concerns me, that this gentleman, newly arrived from Lisbon, should hear you briefly, truly and distinctly relate the manner of your daughter's death.

Where is the gentleman?

He stands before you.

Sir, I call Heaven to witness that my child was murdered. Her vital functions were destroyed and poisoned by drugs of an inflammatory and deadly property, which, rendering her insane, drove her to suicide, and so brought on a death of double horror. This is no longer circumstance, but proof: The in-

spection of the corpse, the deposition of the surgeons, and, above all, the confession of the accomplice, bring it home to the criminal, and would convict him of murder, could he be brought to trial.

What prevents it? Devereux demanded with voice and look so horror-struck, as seemed to indicate suspicion of the issue.

His flight prevents it: his accusing conscience, which haunts him with the dreadful recollection, that my poor Innocent, my virtuous child withstood his gross desires, till to effect his brutal purposes he villainously contrived to deprive her of her senses, and to the crime of murder added that of violation.

Name the villain, Devereux exclaimed.

The minstrel rose from his seat, and, laying his hand upon his heart, in a firm tone replied — David Ap Owen — my

dead patron's heir; and Heaven so judge me as I speak the truth!

Enough! said Devereux. I set off to-morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

John De Lancaster confers with his Grandfather upon the Purport of the Letter, he had received from Lisbon.

WHEN Devereux had taken his departure from the cottage of the Minstrel, following the steps of De Lancaster, as he led the way towards Kray Castle, after long silence and much meditation, he thus addressed his companion—The insult, which this outlawed villain has put upon my family by audaciously attempting to ensnare my sister, calls on

me to expose him in the most public manner, and he shall not escape the disgrace he merits. My presence will be required without delay, and as I can now see full cause why you should be as deeply interested to rescue your father from his engagement as I am to save my sister from all chance of so horrible a connection, what prevents our setting off together? I cannot promise you a reception so noble and so elegant as you give me, for we have no Kray Castles in Portugal, but a sincere and cordial welcome I can truly assure you of. You will find comforts at least with us, that are not every where to be met with in that country.

John was about to make answer, when being now near the castle, they were met by Cecilia and Amelia, whom they joined, and of course nothing more was

said upon the subject in their company.

There could be no doubt in the mind of young De Lancaster as to the necessity he was under of communicating to his grandfather the letter he had received from Lisbon, and he resolved to do it in the first instance without consulting even his friend Edward Wilson.

He found the good man alone in his library, and immediately began by requesting him to give order that they should not be interrupted, as he had something of a private nature to impart to him. This was soon done, and John, having briefly stated the purport of the letter, delivered it to his grandfather. It required all the philosophy of old De Lancaster to restrain his anger and astonishment within any bounds—Is this disgrace, he cried, to fall upon my

name and family? It must not be; it shall not.

You will suffer me then, said John, to go over and prevent it. You see, my dear sir, I am called upon by my father: it is my duty to obey him: he is in distress, and expects me.

Let him expect. 'Tis the sluggard's fate to expect. Am I to sacrifice the beloved of my heart; am I to extinguish the last spark of my hope, the only relique of my ancient family, to redeem a coward from his ignominious bond!

If my unhappy father is a coward, the youth replied, and reddened as he spake, let me at least convince the world, that the disgrace stops at me, and that there is but one coward in existence, that bears the name of De Lancaster.

I'll go myself: I am his father; the disgrace is mine.

Sir!—exclaimed the youth—You'll go yourself?—You, you to Portugal? Forbid it, Heaven! my aunt, myself, your whole united family and friends will be upon our knees to turn your mind from such a desperate thought. What can be the objection to my going? where is the danger? what have I to fear? you won't suppose that I would condescend to turn out with that outlaw, that convicted murderer, who dare not set his foot on British land: and if you think, that I could need protection, I have it in the family of Devereux; nay, Devereux himself solicits to go with me; for he has business not less urgent than mine is to adjust with that wretch, who has had the effrontery to offer at a marriage with his sister. He comes to England and goes back at once to save

his sister, and shall I do less to save a father? If Devereux thinks his name dishonoured by that vile connection, have I not equal right to be as zealous to rescue yours from that nefarious bond, and the disgraceful marriage that hangs to it?—De Lancaster paused: He turned an approving look upon his grandson: his cheek flushed, and the tear glistened in his eyes—Your reasoning is unanswerable, he cried; your motive most commendable, my child! but alas! I am too old to accompany you, and whilst you demonstrate to me, that I ought to part from you, you convince me that I could not live without you, and show me all the danger and the dread of losing you: Besides, it is not me alone, whom the parting from you will make wretched: there are hearts as weak, as tender and

as fond as mine—Think of our dear Cecilia, of your aunt! what will you say to her? what to Amelia?

What I have said to you—To every one, that feels for my departure, my honour and my duty form the plea, that I must urge for giving pain to them, who are so dear to me: And surely, sir, there's nothing so alluring in the task, that I should covet it for other reasons, than I've assigned to you. There must be something stronger than self-indulgence, more imperious than the repugnance, which I feel at heart, when I must force a sigh from you and them; and you of all men living best can tell what that compulsion is—We must not be dishonoured.

You have said it, De Lancaster replied; and now, my dear John, before we proceed any further I hold it right and

proper to send for our friend Edward Wilson, and let him read your father's letter without saying any thing on the subject to bias his opinion. We shall then have his sentiments upon the matter, and either be confirmed in our own judgment, or perhaps hear from him what may induce us to reconsider it.

To this John of course most readily assented, and the message instantly produced the man. De Lancaster put the letter into his hand, simply desiring him to read it. Edward's expressive countenance, whilst perusing the contents, bespoke his sovereign contempt of the writer, and was such a comment on the text as no one could mistake—Wretched, wretched man ! he cried. This is a degradation and disgrace not to him only, but to human nature. We may pity weakness ; we may find some plea in the con-

struction of a man for want of spirit and of manly feelings ; but this is such an act as even folly would not own, insanity would blush for. Ah venerable sir, is this your son ? ah my beloved John, is this your father ? sorry I am to speak with such contempt of one so near to those, whom I respect and love. Forgive me, my good sir, it is my zeal for you my patron, and for this my pupil, that has betrayed me into this intemperance—But I'll offend no further. This only you will suffer me to say—He is De Lancaster, and must be saved. By whom, you'll ask : by whom but by his son ? nature demands it ; duty calls him forth ; honour imperiously compels him to it. But whilst the sacred trust that I still hold, the solemn obligation, that still binds me to this beloved youth, whose life is dearer to me than my own,

gives me authority to speak thus freely, I must insist upon my right to say, that wheresoever duty carries him, it carries me. I know his virtues, sir; I know his ardour: those I have nourished; that I have repressed, and studied to confine within due bounds. If John embarks upon this filial errand, I throw these clerical equipments off, and embark with him as my father's son, the son of Colonel Wilson; and if you consent to part from him, no power on earth, your own excepted, shall withhold me from him.

Robert De Lancaster, who had kept his eyes fixed upon Wilson, whilst thus descanting in a higher tone and with a vehemence, that till this moment he never had given way to, now perceiving that he had brought his speech to a conclusion, rose from his seat, and, taking

him by the hand, with great emotion said—Edward, I now with gratitude acknowledge, that Heaven in you hath raised me up a friend to be the comforter of my old age, and the upholder of my family in the person of my grandson, whose mind you have enlightened by your precepts, and whose life you are resolute to guard by your fortitude and friendship. When you had said of my unhappy son—*He is De Lancaster and must be saved*, you had said all. John must obey his duty ; he must go, and I resign him to you.

Here he paused, for Colonel Wilson, entering the room, presented to him his son Henry, now promoted to a majority of dragoons and under orders to join his regiment. A finer person, and of more martial bearing, could not greet the eyes

of man or woman. His address to the De Lancaster of ancient days was noble and respectful in the extreme: his brother he dismissed with that kind of soldierly embrace, which is warmly bestowed, but quickly dispatched. To John he turned, and measuring him with his eye from heel to head, as if he had been surveying a recruit, he exclaimed—May I believe my eyes? can this be John De Lancaster, whom I have the honour to address?

“ Now in the name of all the gods at once,
“ Upon what food hath this our Cæsar fed,
“ That he is grown thus great? ”

Here's a De Lancaster, that shows fair promise to be a man indeed. Sir, I entreat you; give me your hand, and give me, what I have an hereditary right to ask, your friendship with it !

There it is, said John: I give it cordially with both my hands, and hope to have your friendship in return.

This salutation being over, Henry Wilson addressed himself again to the grandfather, and said—I felicitate you, honoured sir, upon this noble scyon to your ancient stock. Look, if he does not over-top us all! Edward and I are hardly fit to stand in the same file with him: we are but summer soldiers: He may let the tempest blow, and bid defiance to it.

I hope so, old De Lancaster replied, for he may chance to hear the tempest blow where he is going. John and your brother Edward are for Lisbon.

For Lisbon! cried the major; that is lucky: for Lisbon is my very destination. If they are bound thither, and will let me join them, I warrant I'll keep

pace upon the march to the sea side, and when we land at Lisbon, I'll engage that they shall find a welcome from some as worthy and as gallant fellows, as ever yet drew breath.

Major, the good old man replied, I cannot tell you how I am delighted to hear that you are going, who have served so long and with so much honour in Portugal. You must be well acquainted with the country, and perhaps may know a gentleman, who is returning with them to his friends at Cintra, Devereux by name.

Devereux of Cintra! Henry exclaimed. Who knows not him, that ever passed but half a day at Lisbon? I know him well, and have good cause to know and honour him for his noble entertainment of me and many of my army-friends. Devereux is rich in money, richer still in a good name, and happy.

in a son, whom all men praise, and in a lovely daughter, whom every body admires, but no one has presumption to address.

Yes, there is one, De Lancaster replied, who is as full of presumption as he is void of merit. He now detailed not only the affair, that brought young Devereux over to England, but the business, that called his grandson out of it; and as he did this circumstantially and minutely, after his manner, the old Colonel also listened to the long but interesting narrative, though not without frequent grunts and growlings of displeasure against poor Philip; till when the story closed—Heaven have mercy on us, he exclaimed, that any man alive will let himself be scared out of his small wits by a knavish rascal, a pettifogging bragadocio fellow, half Jew and half at-

torney, and forsooth because he comes with parchment and with pistol—'Sdeath, had I been Philip, and six feet high as he is, I would have made the attorney eat the parchment, and given the Jew the pistol for his breakfast: 'sblood, I would have laid the bond and baggage both upon the fire and myself after them, or ever I would turn and nestle in a den with that hyæna.

Never fear that, good father, Henry cried; there is a way of dealing with hyænas, that makes them wondrous tame. If we three, and young Devereux fourth fellow, are not enough for Madam Rachel and her Jewish kindred, I have at hand a batch of special pleaders, who, without judge or jury, will soon settle her business by a process of their own.

Come then, my friends, rejoined the

good old man ; let us dismiss the subject for the present, and leave my grandson to discuss the point with others of the family, who perhaps may scan this enterprize with more alarm, than you, whose hearts no danger can appall. Our guest, young Devereux, has been employed upon his letters ; we'll call him out, and take a turn or two upon the terrace. The sun is pleasant, and though mother nature begins to put her winter garments on, yet she looks cheerful, and invites us forth.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Hero imparts to Amelia Jones his Purpose of setting off for Portugal.

WHEN Mr. De Lancaster and the Wilsons had departed and left our hero alone, his heart, which conversation and the flow of Major Wilson's spirits had upheld, now sunk within him, for it was not alone Cecilia's tender fears, Amelia's sorrows threw a sadness over him. He knew that he would find her with his aunt and Mrs. Jennings in their morning room ; but how to draw her from them and unburden his heart to her in private was the question. He walked up to the gallery, with which their room communicated, and in passing the door took care his steps upon the dry-rubbed oaken floor should give a signal, that

might reach the ear of his beloved ; it being now about the time for them to take their usual walk together.

Hark ! said Amelia ; sure my ear deceives me, or that is Mr. John De Lancaster, whom I hear in the gallery.

I believe your ear is very correct, said Cecilia ; it is my nephew's step ; but go out, my dear, and see : perhaps he wishes you to walk with him this fine day. Mrs. Jennings and I will finish what we are about, and postpone our walk till by-and-bye.

Amelia did not long delay to obey so pleasant an injunction. She sallied from the room as quick as thought—I guessed that it was you, she cried, as she went up to him, and held out her hand. Your aunt, who is all kindness, sent me to you. If you like a walk, I am ready. 'Tis a charming day.

Yes, and that voice is charming, he replied ; that sweet inviting smile enchants a heart, that fondly doats upon you : but we won't walk, Amelia ; at least not yet ; for I have news from Lisbon, from my father, not of a pleasant sort I must confess ; and if you will trust yourself with me in this room, which is my study, and where nobody will interrupt us, I wish to discourse with you upon it in private—They immediately entered the room, and, being seated, John began as follows—

Amelia, it is my unhappy lot to have a father, who brings shame upon me, and seems to feel none for himself ; in whom, with sorrow I am forced to say, I cannot trace one spark of manly resolution, or the sense of what becomes a gentleman to feel. You, on the contrary, amongst the many excellencies

you possess, and I am wanting in, have the advantage also to be born of parents, though now no more, of whom you may be justly proud. Judge therefore, my Amelia, how incumbent it must be on me, whose greatest ambition is to approve myself not quite unworthy of your esteem, to support, as far as I am able, the credit of a name, which I am presumptuous enough to hope you will one day condescend to share. My father calls on me for my assistance ; he conjures me to come and extricate him from a disgraceful contract, fraudulent upon the face of it, with those Ap Owens ; which if I fail to do, he marries that detested villain's mother, insults the memory of your newly-buried friend, and blasts a name, that never yet was stained.

Married ! she cried ; your father, and

the son of that good man, whom every one reveres, married so hastily, so rashly, so unworthily ! It must not be.

True, my Amelia. Look upon this relick, which gives the image of your gallant father, and to which your piety allots that envied station nearest to your heart ; then, tell me, what would that brave hero say, if I, aspiring to his daughter's love, should scruple to obey the call of honour : Would he not bid me go and save a father ?

He was the friend, that upon such an errand would not have suffered you to go forth alone.

And such a friend I have in Edward Wilson ; he is resolved to bear me company. Devereux returns with me, and in his house I find a family of friends : Nay, my good fortune seems resolved to give me a host of friends, for Henry,

our old Colonel's eldest son, whom in himself I may account a host, is now upon his way to join his regiment in Lisbon, and goes with us. Thus am I trebly furnished with companions. What has my dear Amelia now to fear, if thus befriended, thus accompanied, and sanctioned not by the consent alone, but the command of my good grandfather, I go where duty calls me? Now, my angel!—And, saying this, he clasped her in his arms, Where can thy gentle spirit apprehend one distant chance of danger to alarm it? What can my lovely, my betrothed Amelia, oppose to the necessity, painful although it is, of a short absence from her?

Nothing; for the decree is absolute, and what am I but a devoted creature, whose heart is wholly your's? Nothing remains for me to do, but to return you

my unbounded thanks for all your goodness, and especially for condescending to impart these tidings, sad as they are, in this considerate manner to me, who in your absence can expect to live but in the hope that we shall meet again. I see, I know, I feel that we must part.

Here her voice failing for a while she seemed quite overcome by sorrow, till her tears relieved her ; and at length, turning a look upon her anxious lover, that spoke a conscious dignity of mind, she rose and said—I am ashamed of this unworthy weakness. I know I ought not to bewail, but greet, the opportunity, that does you honour. To deserve a hero I must not show the softness of a child—Come, let us walk. I feel assurance of a happy issue. When you go forth upon the summons of a helpless father, I trust that Providence will be

your guard: It were a sin to doubt it—
This said, she gave her hand to him,
and smiled : He pressed it to his heart,
and thus, endeared each to the other in
the purest sense of virtue's chaste affection,
forth they went—

I am ill at these descriptions : I confess it. Seventy years and seven, with clouds that hang upon my setting sun, will chill the brain, that should devise scenes and descriptions warm with youthful love. Still the chaste maiden and the prudent wife shall turn these leaves with no revolting hand, nor blush for having read them. The friend of man will find no fault with me for having given a dark shade here and there upon my canvass to set off and contrast the brighter tints

and nobler attributes of human nature. Whether in novel, drama or in poem, I love the mirror, that presents mankind in amiable lights; nor can I think that frowns or wrinkles are a mark of wisdom; or that asperity becomes the face of critic or philosopher.

Whilst I write this, my grandson, a brave youth, of six years service in the royal navy, born, as I vainly hoped, to grace my name, and recompense the cares, that I bestowed upon his education, lies (as 'twere before me) dead and as yet unburied: Whilst I not only mourn his loss, but feel his wrongs, of which the world must hear, if the appeal, that he had made to justice, is cut short by his untimely death.

Where then can a heart-wounded man, like me, find comfort but with that beloved daughter, to whom I gave the

memoirs of my life, and who still lives to cheer its short remains? To her I dedicate this humble work; for these repeated testimonies of my love, are all the inheritance I can bequeath her, all my hard fortune hath not wrested from me.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Morgan of Glen Morgan arrives at Kray Castle.

THE preparations, requisite for John De Lancaster's departure, necessarily involved a delay of some two or three days, and every hand, as well as every heart, was occupied in that interesting business. The cheerfulness of Major Wilson kept up the spirits of the ladies, except upon one occasion, when he launched out so vehemently in his description of Miss Devereux's charms, that, if he had not been so wholly taken up with his subject, he might have discovered one countenance at least in the circle of his hearers,

that was not much enlivened by his raptures.

In the afternoon a messenger from Glen Morgan arrived with the following letter addressed to Colonel Wilson—

“ Dear Colonel,

“ My gout has left me, and if he never troubles me with his company again, he has my free leave to keep away. I meditate to take advantage of his absence, and pay a visit to my good brother at the castle before his dinner hour to-morrow, *Deo volente*. I shall bring my live-lumber Mother Richards in the coach with me, as her small wits just serve her to descant with due precision upon warm nightcaps and a well-aired bed : she will pester the poor folks in the castle with her clack, but I shall profit by her care ; and you know there is not a more selfish

fellow living than your humble servant. As my rascally passion for hoarding money has no longer any object, since you won't help me off with any of my savings, I shall tack two more dog horses to my scurvy team, and come in state like Sir Francis Wronghead, with Giles Joulter riding postillion: the cattle will get a belly-full in De Lancaster's stables, and that is what they don't often meet with in their own. I have bought a flaming fine watch of a pedling Jew, which I dare say won't go; but it will do for Amelia Jones, if she behaves well, and does not slight me for that puppy John, for whom I do not care a rush, as you well know, having lived in solitude till I am unfit for society, and as cold at heart as the top of a Welch mountain. I am very glad my brother Lancaster has so much abated of his learned dissertations,

for I have no reading beyond that of a trumpery story book, and am in as profound a state of blessed ignorance, as any gentleman in Wales can boast of. Yet Robert surely is an incomparable man; his honour is so nice, his nature so divine, that I am almost ready to adore him till he talks Greek, and then it's over with me; I know no more of the matter than a blind man does of colours.

“Your son Edward is the very *beauty of holiness*: he not only does faithful service to religion by the strong reasoning powers of his mind, but renders it lovely by the gracefulness of his manners. My spiritual pastor and teacher takes quite as much care of his own body, as he does of my soul: he is silent at his meals, but loud in talk and positive in argument, when he has satisfied his craving: He can't keep his temper at back-

gammon, when the dice go against him ; yet if I ever slip out a hard word, as we soldiers are too apt to do, he takes up their cause at once and sermonizes against swearing. I don't think this is quite fair ; for he swallows his oaths out of compliment to his cloth, and I from the habits of mine make it a point of honour to say nothing behind a gentleman's back that I won't say before his face. One day by chance he had not dined with me, and I sent to him to come and read the evening prayers to my crew of sinners as usual ; for which, by the way, I pay him an annual stipend : He sent for answer it was not his custom to turn out after dinner ; he has never had it in his power to make that excuse again, and of course has regularly lulled dame Richards and the old butler to sleep with his soporiferous homily as surely as the even-

ing comes. I do not think there is in existence a worse enemy to edification than metheglin.

“Lord have mercy on me, what a household of idlers do I keep! I would make a total reform in my family, if I could flatter myself that I should live to reap the benefit of it; but that is not upon the chances, and I am such a lazy blockhead, so mere a *caput mortuum*, that I let them work their own will, and am content to lie at my length, like Sampson’s lion, for the bees to make honey in my carcase.

“You must be sure to lay me at the feet of the divine Cecilia; for, if you don’t do it for me, I can’t do it for myself: I am quite as inflexible as the wax-work in Fleet-street; attempt to bend me, and I break asunder. I am absolutely good for nothing, and I dare say the gout

only left me because there was no credit to be got by killing me : That same *podagra* is a purse-proud sycophant, and if he stoop to kiss your toe, were you the pope himself, he will make you pay dear for the compliment.

“I suppose you wonder why I write to you so long a letter—so do I; but though it wearies you with nonsense, it winds up with a truth, when I profess myself your cordial friend

and faithful servant

JOHN MORGAN.”

When this letter had been read to De Lancaster, joy brightened in his hospitable countenance : his orders circulated through the Castle for all things and all people to be put in order to pay proper honours to his expected visitor. He commented with great good humour

upon some passages in the letter, that seemed to strike his fancy—Though the good man, he said, is so shy of what he calls my learned disquisitions, I believe it is only a copy of his countenance, for in fact he is no mean scholar; but we will muzzle the learned languages, and trust to nothing but our mother tongue; so take notice, my good Colonel, you will incur heavy penalties if you give us any of your heathen Greek, whilst my brother Morgan is in the house.

And if I do when he is out of it, replied the Colonel, I'll give you leave to hang me.

The next morning when the sun turned out upon the mountain tops, so did the whole Castle garrison from their sky-chambers on the turret tops, and gave cheerful note of preparation—Not indeed by *the armourers accomplishing the*

knights, but by the warders and livery-men brushing up their orange tawnies, and by the squeaking of the pigs and quacking of ducks, that came unwillingly to be killed and roasted, whilst the mute inhabitants of the waters resigned themselves to their fate without a murmur.

When the family assembled in the breakfast-room, the Colonel appeared in his uniform, not quite in its first bloom, nor altogether in the last cut of the fashion; whilst Major Wilson, bright as bullion could make him, was perfectly caparisoned for court or camp. This ceremonious kind of etiquette, now thought troublesome and thrown by as obsolete, was understood by the family of Kray Castle as an acceptable attention to the good old lord of the soil upon certain gala days, when he was anxious

to receive a visitor with particular respect.

When the approach of Morgan of Glen Morgan was descried from the castle windows, and the green and red liveries began to show their colours in the sunbeams, the alarm bell sounded, the servants mustered in the gothic hall, and David Williams seated himself on his tripod. Coaches were not made, as they are now, to accommodate the horses that draw them, but with due regard to the ease and safety of the company, who were conveyed in them. Old Morgan of course made his landing good, and found himself in the arms of his venerable host, surrounded by his friends, all emulous to greet him with a welcome.

As he leant upon the arms of De Lancaster and his grandson in his passage through the hall, he stopped and looked about him—This is wonderful, he cried;

this is above hope, that I should find myself once more under the protection of these hospitable lares. Alas, when I had the honour of your company at Glen-Morgan, I little thought of making any other visit but to the place, from which no traveller returns. Providence has decreed it otherwise—Well, well, well! a man must have a stubborn heart, that could not find some cause to be thankful, when a blessing, such as I am now enjoying is vouchsafed to him. Take notice, brother De Lancaster, I understand my own unworthiness too well to intrude upon Heaven's mercy with many petitions, but I hope I am not altogether deficient in my thanksgivings. He then addressed himself to some of the old domestics, as he passed them, and particularly to David Williams, whom he greeted cordially and with much respect.

When he entered the drawing room he turned to Cecilia and said—I now consider myself within the territory and under the command of the most amiable lady living. I shall add no grace to you, madam, as a courtier, but as a subject none can be more loyal. In this manner he paid his compliments round the circle, reserving his last and most affectionate address for his grandson, who, having risen from his seat, whilst his grandfather was speaking to him, when he had concluded, went up to him, and bending his knee, took his hand to kiss it. The action was irresistably affecting, and the old man fell upon his neck and wept. The stillness and silence of the company whilst this was passing made the scene more awful and impressive: At length the good old man, rallying his spirits, thus addressed his grand-

son—I know, my child, that you are going out of England ; therefore it is I am come to take my leave of you ; I also know your motive to be truly filial, and of course agree entirely with your worthy grandfather in approving of your undertaking. It is your duty, it is your point of honour, and you have no choice but to obey. Being a selfish pitiful kind of fellow, perhaps I was a little shaken, when I heard of it ; so to put myself in heart again, I gave out marching orders, and penned a packet to my old comrade the Colonel, in which I did not treat him with one word of common sense. Now therefore, John, I am come for other purposes than to whine and whimper, because forsooth you are going to make a short excursion in good and gallant company, where I wish I was going with you : but as I can't do

that, I come to see you and your comrades start, and after you are gone drink to your good voyage in a glass of old Madeira, and perhaps if my good friend here is not tired of my dull company, I may intrude upon his hospitality, and wait till you return.

Say you so? cried De Lancaster: then I pronounce you to be the kindest friend and the noblest ancient Briton, that draws the breath of life on this side of the Wye—Now tell old David to strike up a welcome in his best bravura.

CHAPTER II.

Treats of what passed at Kray Castle in the Evening of the Day before John De Lancaster's Departure.

THE dinner was not only elegant but sumptuous. Sir Arthur Floyd and two or three more neighbours of respectability had dropped in most opportunely to complete the party and divert the conversation from domestic topics.

When the ladies had retired, and the glass gone gaily round, Morgan desired to be heard upon a matter of some consequence. Gentlemen, he said, I reside as you well know, in the near neighbourhood of Denbigh, and I have had notice given me by the corporation of that borough, that their worthy representative is at the point of death. I never cultivated any interest there, and

have no great property either in or about the place. Nevertheless in their free good will to me, (though for what one merit on my part they bear me that good will neither they nor I can guess) they offer to elect the friend, whom I shall recommend. They wish my grandson De Lancaster was of age to represent them, as they hold him high in honour for the generous part he took in poor Ap Rees's melancholy case. I thanked them, but had nobody in my view. As they were anxious to mark their abhorrence of a certain young baronet, who had been soliciting their support, this answer of mine did not satisfy them, but they would needs have me refer myself to my brother-in-law Mr. De Lancaster, now in the chair beside me; which of course I promised to do, and now fulfil my word. This I stated to

him in a few words before dinner, and had his permission to call upon him, as I now do, for his answer.

I have not a moment's hesitation, De Lancaster replied, what to answer; for in the person of my friend Sir Arthur Floyd, luckily here present, I recognize every quality, that can constitute a character at all points worthy of their choice—an active magistrate, an honourable gentleman, a loyal subject, an able incorrupt and independent senator.

Before the baronet could reply, a joyous shout from our young hero John, followed by a general plaudit of hands, seemed to leave Sir Arthur without the power of recollection, or the privilege of choice.

At length he rose, and, after bowing to Mr. De Lancaster and the company, he said—I have occasion to know, that

the unworthy nephew, (with whose name I will not stain my lips) of a worthy baronet lately deceased, had pointed his ambition and directed all his resources to the attainment of this object, now so unexpectedly and beyond my hopes proposed to me, and seconded by an applause, that must ever follow what that gentleman says, even when he deigns to take so humble an individual as myself for his subject. But as I have hitherto been known as of the party and politics of that person before alluded to, now become so abandoned and so despicable, I will on no account accept the support of any one voter for the borough of Denbigh, until it is clearly and distinctly ascertained in the most public manner, that I offer myself upon principles directly opposite to those of that expatriated villain, (I can call him nothing less,) and

that I put my honour and my pledge into the hands of Mr. De Lancaster, as my friend, my sponsor and my patron.

This handsome declaration produced a second and a louder applause, and that called up Sir Arthur Floyd once more from his seat to return his thanks to the company and at the same time to remind them of their duty to the ladies, humbly proposing, with Mr. De Lancaster's permission, an adjournment to the drawing-room: upon which gallant and well-timed appeal, the company with prompt obedience rose, and left the table.

This was the time when every one was solicitous to approach and pay their homage to Cecilia De Lancaster ; here, like Cato's daughter, she presided—

“ Whilst winning mildness and attractive smiles

“ Dwelt in her eyes, and with becoming grace

“ Softened the rigor of her father's virtue—”

On one side of her sate the sage preceptress of the young and blooming Amelia, who, on the other side, assisted in the elegant ministration of those lady-like offices, which it was not then the custom to transfer to a domestic. The refreshments of the tea-table came recommended to our lips from the fair hands of the lady president, who delicately distinguished every person's right, and without confusion of property guarded his exclusive cup, and faithfully returned it to the owner : Now some snuffy hectick house-keeper huddles all together, and indiscriminately serves out the messes, hot or cold, strong or weak, as chance directs, to be handed round the room for those, who chuse to try their luck in a lottery of hot water, very little better than poor Timon's dinner to his disappointed parasites.

As soon as this ceremony was over the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open, and David Williams, led by his son bearing his harp, and in his habit of office, entered and took the post prepared for him : he paused and reached out his hand to the seat beside him, as if waiting for some one else. When immediately old Robin Ap Rees in a mourning vest with black crape sleeves to the elbows only, and bound about his waist with a sash of the same stuff, but without medal, or any professional badge, that could mark him as the bard of the Ap Owens, approached and made a profound obeisance in the door-way. Upon his appearing every heart was touched : his tall spare figure, drooping head and shrivelled arms, with the pale hue of his woe-stricken visage, might have softened the iron heart

of Gallia's savage tyrant ; can we then wonder if the generous bosoms of those assembled felt that soft impression, which Nature's poet terms *the every dint of pity?*

John, who alone was in the secret of his coming, had whispered Amelia and his aunt to prepare themselves for his appearance. He now rose, and took the blind bard by the hand to lead him to his seat, when, upon his grandfather beginning to speak, he stopped, and whilst Ap Rees turned respectfully towards the voice that addressed him, Mr. De Lancaster delivered himself as follows—

My good old friend, and favourite of the Muse, to whom I am beholden for so many tuneful hours, it is now with mixed sensations of satisfaction and sorrow, that I greet you with a welcome, and as-

sure you that the friendship and protection, which my grandson shows you, have my warmest approbation and most cordial concurrence. Your worthiness, your genius, your afflictions claim his compassionate regard and care. I take this visit, that you pay us on the eve of his departure, as a tribute of your esteem, which I am persuaded has cost you some painful efforts to pay, and which I am not less satisfied is considered and appreciated by him as it ought to be. I see you have brought your harp, and my minstrel David Williams, who honours and admires you, will gladly either take a part with you, where the strain allows of it, or listen to you with delight, if you rather wish to treat us with some melody of your own.

Respected sir, Ap Rees replied, my natural wish would be to edify in silence,

whilst my superior (such I am conscious Mr. Williams is) exhibited that excellence, which has no rival; in me at least that rival is not found. But, Sir, there stands beside me one—would I could see him!—an exalted being, endowed by nature with such blessed properties, that, but to guess at what he wishes done and not to do it, would be in me, who live upon his bounty, and may be said almost to breathe his air, a sin of such ingratitude as yet no name is found for, and I hope no instance ever will occur to put invention to that lamentable test. Your grandson, Heaven preserve him, willed me to string my tuneless harp afresh, and second Mr. Williams in a strain, melodiously adapted to the words which he will chaunt.

To this of course the assent was universal. The sightless brethren put their

harps in tune : Ap Rees enriched the
strain with his harmonious chords, whilst
Williams led and sung as here ensues—

“ Fearless of danger, I prepare to roam
O’er seas, whose angry billows rage and foam ;
An amulet there is, that guards my breast,
Whose power can charm the loudest storm to rest.

It is the image of my darling maid,
An image by no mortal hand pourtray’d ;
Love, the great master, grav’d it on my heart,
And, ere time mars it, life and I must part.

Is it for loss of me that I descry
That tearful cherub in my fair-one’s eye ?
Believe it, Love, we part to meet again,
And purchase years of bliss with hours of pain.

Full well I know what title he must prove,
Whose hope aspires to gain an angel’s love ;
Therefore I go, though fond affection pleads,
Where duty warns me, and where honour leads.

Farewell to all that’s good and all that’s dear !
Vice hath no pow’r that Virtue ought to fear :
Link’d to my home, whatever course I take,
The chain may lengthen, but can never break.”

If our hero John was, as I suspect, the author of these lines, it is plain he was more in love with his mistress, than his muse was with her poet: But young men are very apt to scratch, when the itch of scribbling is upon them.

CHAPTER III.

Our Hero takes his Departure from Kray Castle.

AMELIA, who had counted every hour during a sleepless melancholy night, rose with the break of day, and light of foot, though with a heavy heart, flitted along the gallery in the dusk, and gently tapping at the chamber door, where John and she had mutually agreed to pass a parting hour, was instantly admitted by her lover, accoutered for his journey.

Of this scene I must decline to attempt a description. I could say nothing new to such of my readers, who know by experience how exquisitely pure those feelings are, which virtuous love inspires; and on such, as have not that experience, my labour would be lost. In short it was an interview between two young persons, firmly affianced and fondly attached to each other, and how delicately that must pass, which honour conducts on one part, and innocence on the other, there needs no ghost to tell us.

In the breakfast-room the whole family were assembled. In the countenances of the several parties any man of common sagacity might have read the several feelings. Old De Lancaster struggled hard to maintain a firm and dignified tranquillity, and if he did at any

time betray symptoms of occasional embarrassment, it was only to show that his philosophy did not absolutely desert him. The person, whose thoughts seemed to be most disengaged, was the gallant Major, who just then had the most to do; for the ordering and arranging of the whole cavalcade had been assigned over to him, and the alacrity, with which he executed his authority over men, horses and carriages, left him no time for those tender sentiments and concerns, that seemed to occupy every body else. Life and spirit animated him; silence and sadness dwelt on all the rest.

Here was an opportunity for an orator to avail himself of, and an audience to his heart's content most happily disposed to hear him; but Mr. De Lancaster let it go by for reasons no doubt best known to himself. He did indeed take occa-

sion to impart a few words to Edward Wilson when he came into the room ; but they were only for his private ear. The ladies kept their station in the back ground, and as much out of sight as they could contrive. Devereux had very sensibly committed his adieus to paper, and left them in the hands of Mr. De Lancaster's servant to be delivered to him at his better leisure. At length Major Wilson in a sprightly tone announced all ready ; Devereux's travelling coach was first at the door, and appointed to lead ; himself with John and the two Wilsons were by the major's order billeted upon it ; our hero halted a few minutes, after his companions had taken leave, to bid farewell to the beloved objects of his duty and affection ; after which, having presented himself at the door of the coach, where his three friends

were already seated, he made his parting acknowledgments to the crowd, who were invoking blessings in his behalf; and passed the outward gate of the castle with those sensations and in that kind of triumph, which only virtue can deserve, and gratitude alone bestow.

When Colonel Wilson, who had gone to the hall-door with his sons, returned to the breakfast-room, the ladies had departed, and he found the two grandfathers left in silent sadness to themselves. De Lancaster was in a meditative posture, with his elbow rested on the arm of his chair, and his head reclined upon his hand. Poor old Morgan was wetting a crust of bread with his tears, whilst he was mumbling it with his teeth. When he had pretty nearly settled the controversy between swallowing, coughing and

choaking, he turned a look upon Wilson, and said—

Brother soldier, there is nothing in this world, for which I so much envy you as for that piece of wood, that you wear as a supplement to your composition, and is one part of you at least, which is totally devoid of feeling. I always knew you were what we call heart of oak, but I did not till now know that you had an oaken heart. Look at me. Did you ever see such a blubbering beast as I have made of myself? By the life of me, Wilson, you are a fine gay fellow, and can have neither water in your head, nor water at your heart, else methinks you would have pumped up some of it upon this occasion. May I perish, if I don't suspect you have got an hydrophobia in your eyes: at least, I am sure

you will never die of Niobe's disease—all tears.

I hope not, Colonel Wilson replied; yet to such tears as you shed I cannot object, forasmuch as they convince me I was not mistaken, when I set you down as a very tender-hearted man, though you was pleased to represent yourself as something without any heart at all. When I now find you weeping without cause; what would you do, if you had cause? Why, man, you would drown yourself in tears. Old fellows like me rarely out-live old habits, let them live as long as they may. I have been a poor soldier at the command of other people, and bandied up and down, all my life long. If I had wit enough to understand my duty, I never wanted will to undertake it; in this light I look upon this trip of your grandson's as a call of duty

made upon him by his father, who according to the laws of nature is properly his commanding officer, though Heaven know she is as little proper for a command as any non-effective officer can be, though you rummaged the whole shelf to search for him. And now give me leave, my good friend, to ask you, whether you lament over his absence because he is out upon his duty, or because he can't go there and stay here at one and the same time. Convince me only that he went away from us when he might honourably have staid at home, and I will own you have good reason to lament his absence. In the mean time I confess to you that I do not conceive our dear John De Lancaster to be more in the way of danger upon this expedition, and with those friends, than he would be on his horse's back on a chace after a paltry fox, which

it is no part of his duty to pursue, nor any proof of his merit to overtake.

Whilst the Colonel had been thus haranguing, Mr. De Lancaster had shifted his meditative posture, and paid attention to what was passing: He now took up the argument, and replied—Enough said, my good Colonel, enough said! You have a right to argue for duty, having yourself uniformly obeyed and fulfilled it, as an officer and a gentleman. My brother Morgan does not want to be convinced that his grandson is gone upon an honourable errand; but you are well aware, that the painful and enfeebling illness, with which he has been visited, will naturally shake even the firmest and the bravest spirit.

In my own particular I am not a man prone to shed tears: If I were, I confess to you, Colonel Wilson, I should be

sooner thrown into the melting mood by the contemplation of a generous act, or noble sentiment, than by the pathos of a tragedy, or the pity-moving lamentations of a desponding lover, or a whining mendicant.

A servant now delivered the letter Devereux had left for Mr. De Lancaster, who read as follows,—

“ Sir,

“ The hospitality and kindness I have experienced at Kray-Castle have made an impression on my mind, that can never be obliterated. The purposes of my coming to England have been completely obtained, and I am now returning to my family fully armed with evidence, not only to rescue them from any chance of a disgraceful connection, but also prepared to co-operate with

your amiable grandson and his friends in their measures for averting the like disgrace from you and your respectable and ancient house. Believe me, Sir, this will be a task, that can involve no representative of your's in either difficulty or danger; for I can confidently assure you that upon my father's statement of the case to the minister of Portugal, that court will not permit a fugitive from the laws of his country, more especially a British subject, to avail himself of its protection for escaping with impunity; much less will it be allowed him to enforce a bond illegally obtained for purposes the most inadmissible and outrageously unfair.

“As I have sent letters to announce our coming, I am sure my father and friends will be on the shore to receive Mr. John De Lancaster upon his landing, and will

immediately conduct him and his whole party to our house in Lisbon, where no attention will be omitted, that can mark their sensibility of the abundant favours I have received from you and your's, which must ever be remembered with the utmost gratitude by him, who is with profound respect, Sir,

your much obliged and
most devoted servant,

GEORGE FREDERICK DEVEREUX."

CHAPTER IV.

Our Hero arrives at Lisbon. Is hospitably received by the Father of young Devereux ; accompanies him to his House : What there occurs is related.

WE must now attend upon the travellers, to whom no circumstance occurred upon their journey worth relating, and

who, after an expeditious and safe voyage, with fair wind and favourable weather, dropped anchor in the Tagus, and were quickly visited by Mr. Devereux the father, who came on board, whilst his barge and rowers, handsomely appointed, waited alongside.

Upon the first sight of this gentleman, John De Lancaster eagerly enquired for his father, and why he did not come off from the shore: the answer was that his situation just then did not admit of it.

He is ill, said De Lancaster.

Indeed he is far from well, rejoined the other.

May I not go off to him directly?

The officers of health are on board, said Mr. Devereux; but I have obtained leave to bring you on shore directly: Your friends however and servants must

put up with a short detention, till certain forms are dispensed with. John De Lancaster, conducted by Mr. Devereux, immediately went over the ship's side, and the barge pushed off for the landing-place.

Tell me, I conjure you, sir, said our hero, the truth without reserve, in what situation I am to find my father, and believe me, Mr. Devereux, whatever that may be, though I have a heart to feel it as a son, I trust I have a proper sense of my duty to meet the dispensation as I ought.

Your father is not dead, Devereux replied, although I must not disguise from you that his life is despaired of. He has been infamously treated, and, as it is presumed, unfairly wounded, either by some hired assassin or by Sir David Ap Owen, with whom the unhappy gentle-

man, it seems, had been induced to trust himself, and turn out alone to settle their differences by a duel. This is all we can at present collect of an affair, that has a very black appearance. Suspicion is strong against Ap Owen, who has absconded, and the ministers of justice are sent out in all directions after him. He is not yet discovered; and your poor father, who is now attended by his surgeons in my house, I am sorry to say, is in no capacity of giving us any information, his senses being totally deranged.

To this De Lancaster for a few minutes was in no condition to make answer, but put up his hand to his eyes, and suffered grief to overpower him. The barge now approached the landing place, where Devereux's carriage was in waiting. Our hero rallied his spirits, land-

ed from the barge with an assumed composure, took his seat in the coach, and soon found himself at the door of a magnificent house in the great square, that opens to the river.

Ushered by his friendly host through a noble hall, John De Lancaster ascended the stairs, and cautiously entered the chamber, where his father was lying on a couch, at the side of which a young lady was standing, who made a sign for him to stop. It was the daughter of Mr. Devereux, and by the faint light, that was admitted into the chamber the elegance of her form struck on the instant with such a resemblance to the image ever present to his mind, that in the agitation of the moment the words involuntarily escaped him in a murmur loud enough for her to hear—Heaven defend me, is it my Amelia, or some sis-

ter angel, that I see ?—Alas, she said, 'twould be an angel's office to afford you comfort ; for human help I fear is all in vain—He bowed, and approached the couch.

A death-like insensibility, though not death itself, seemed to have locked up all the vital powers of the unhappy object, which to behold, now chilled the filial heart of our afflicted hero. He took his father's hand, and turning to the lady by his side—It is not absolutely cold, he said, nor is his pulse quite gone. If I could waken him from this morbid trance, and get him once to turn his eyes upon me, I think that he would know me.

Try it, she said ; and speak to him. Perhaps your voice may rouse him : Our's have no effect.

Father ! he cried, my father, do you

hear me? I am your son. I am come to visit you; to comfort you, to avenge you. Look on me; recollect me! it is I; 'tis John De Lancaster, who speaks to you.

The filial voice awakened him; the animating call stayed the emancipated spirit, even in the act of parting on its flight, and Death, at Nature's privileged appeal still to be heard, forbore to stop the pulses of the heart, and gave the reinstated senses once more use of their suspended functions.

When Maria Devereux saw this, she exclaimed—He lives; he stirs! Let in more light, that he may see his son.

The dying father had now unclosed his eyes, and the wild ghastly stare, with which at first he fixed them on his son, as his mind gained its recollecting power, softened, and by degrees assumed a

look, indicative of that intelligence, that gleam of satisfaction and delight, which in his mercy God sometimes vouchsafes, when he releases his afflicted creatures, and calls them to his peace from persecution and a world of woe.

At length a voice, yet audible, exclaimed—My son, my son ! I see you, hear you : You are come to close your father's eyes—May Heaven reward you for it ! Ah John, John, I am murdered, basely murdered.—Here he checked, and struggled hard for words. At length he faintly cried, Reach me a cordial ; let me wet my throat, and I'll relate it to you.

Maria, who stood ready on the watch, quickly presented him the cordial draught. He made signs to be raised up in his couch : It was providently so constructed as to effect what he wished for without disturbance of his person, or

alteration of his posture. The fair hand, that brought it, lifted it to his lips ; (it is to female feeling and compassion that we must look for offices like these in our last moments.) Philip felt the kindness—Bless you ! he cried, and drank what she bestowed to the last drop : the comfort, that it gave him, was immediate : his eyes, which now he turned upon his son, appeared to brighten, and he thus addressed him—

Oh ! now I see you clearly and distinctly : now I perceive that power is mercifully granted me to recollect and tell you my sad story. I will be brief however, for I feel that this reprieve is only for a time : Now listen therefore, and record my words—When that Ap-Owen, that atrocious villain, heard you were coming over, he called upon me, and with furious threats demanded of me

instantly to wed the base-born woman, whom he calls his mother, or satisfy the bond. 'Twas then, though much too late, I recollected what was due from a De Lancaster, and shortly told him that his threats were vain; I would do neither: I abhorred a duel, as he well knew, but I would sooner die than stain my name, and stoop to such extortion and disgrace. He raved; he swore, and foamed like one possessed: he sprung upon me, and aimed to seize my throat; I grappled with him, and hurled him on the floor. He rose, and drew his sword; I had drawn mine the whilst in my defence, and my blood boiled within me. Coward, I cried, assassin, I defy you! Here, or elsewhere, I am ready on the moment.—Then follow me, he said, and in a spot, where I'll conduct you, not two furlongs off, we'll settle our dispute.

I followed him, unthinking as I was ; for he had galled me past my power to bear ; and in a grove, as I was entering it, some one from behind gave me a blow, that felled me to the ground : There as I lay, but not deprived of sense, the inhuman monster, the unmanly coward, rushed on me as I was in act to rise ; and thrust me through the body with his sword : he fled, and left the murderous weapon in me : I bled profusely ; could not call for help, nor raise myself from off the ground ; I fainted, and thenceforward cannot account how time has passed, till now that I revive to see you and that beauteous form, that sweet benevolence, that gave me drink ; and I suppose, is she, whom my dead wife wished you to marry ; and, if you are married, may Heaven confirm my blessing on you both.—Ah, I

relapse again ; all, all is past—farewell for ever.—

This said, his head collapsed upon his shoulder ; his eye-lids dropped ; he strove convulsively to grasp the clothes that were upon him ; his bosom heaved as if about to burst, and one deep sigh, the last he drew, released his struggling spirit, and left him outstretched at his utmost length, a lifeless corpse.

CHAPTER V.

A further Account of what occurred at Lisbon after John De Lancaster's Arrival at that Place.

SUCH was the melancholy end of Philip, son of old De Lancaster, and father of our hero. Heaven endowed him with moderate faculties, and indolence con-

spired to make that little less. The place, which he left vacant in the list of the De Lancasters from earliest time, was scarcely less a chasm whilst he lived, than now when he was dead. Yet weak and dormant as his spirit was, repeated aggravations from Ap Owen roused him at last, and in the moment of his unguarded courage he fell into an artful villain's snare and was destroyed.

The memoirs of poor Philip's life would hardly fill a page ; but the reflections, that might be deduced from his untimely death would be a lesson of useful warning to those listless idlers those non-effectives in creation's roll, who seem destined to live for no worthier purpose, except to turn that vital air to waste, which might have fed the lungs of nobler beings, who either patiently employ their hours over the midnight lamp

in learned toil; or, by their country called to unwholesome climes, where the extremes of heat or cold are fatal, go forth and die by thousands.

Still nature pleaded to the filial heart of John De Lancaster—That mangled corpse, on which you look, gave life to you, and was your father—Keenly he felt the appeal, and, whilst his eyes dwelt on the piteous object, the big tears rolled down his cheeks: nor could he quite abstain from exclamation, or keep his fiery spirit in command, whilst the last words his dying father uttered still sounded in his ears—Never, he cried, bear witness for me, Nature! will I revisit my beloved home, till I have obtained, or executed, justice on the villain, the out-lawed enemy of God and man, who did this murderous deed. This is the second corpse, that he has made, and

sent the immortal spirit to arraign him at Heaven's tribunal. Dreadful wretch, what must the torment of his conscience be.

Whilst these or words like these, burst from his lips, as still he stood, alone, contemplating the dismal scene, Edward, the younger Wilson, came behind him, and embracing him, whilst he spake—Bear up, he cried: remember God allows these trials to improve and exercise our virtue: every sorrow, that may fall on us by his dispensation, may be converted to our use and profit. And now, if what I say required a proof how prompt his justice is, I have it for you—The criminal is seized and in your hands—Aye! that is right: address your praise to Heaven! there fix your thoughts, and cease to mourn for him, whose cause is heard, whose injuries are redressed—

But you shall have the matter as it passed.

After you left the ship Devereux obtained intelligence that Owen had been traced, and was suspected to have got on board a certain vessel, which he pointed out, then lying near us, bound to the Western Isles, and ready for a start. The man, who told him this, came from the shore, and was apprised, that orders had been out to search for him, and seize him on suspicion of murder. Upon this information instantly Devereux with Henry and myself, well armed, took to the boat (the master of the packet freely granting it) and in a few minutes, claiming our right of search, we were admitted, and rushing to the cabin, there discovered Owen, who, though disguised in the apparel of a common sailor, made no attempt to con-

tradict our charge, such was his terror on the sight of us, and his surprise exceeding all description. We told him that our errand was to seize him—What had he done?—What you must answer for with your life, we replied. Murdered a noble gentleman, your countryman, your friend, Philip De Lancaster.—Is he then dead? he cried, and started with horror, trembling and ghastly pale.—Two or three of the by-standers instantly exclaimed — He's guilty, he confesses it: Away with him! He sunk down on his chair, and hid his eyes. My brother now addressed him by his name, and said—Sir David Owen, you must come with us. The laws demand you. You know both who I am, and what I am: A Major in the King of England's army serving in Portugal; and in the right of that commission I arrest you as

his subject, on the charge of murder ; and I am sure, none in this vessel will attempt to stop me in the due execution of my duty.

None, cried the Captain ; pass ! Let all stand clear ! 'Twas then we saw, in the behaviour of that wretched man, how abject guilt can be : That insolence, which I have witnessed, now was sunk into despondency, and but that pity would in me have been almost a crime, I could have pitied him, when in a melancholy tone, he said—I am your prisoner. Misery beyond mine, man cannot suffer. You have known me, Major Wilson, in better days : I am a gentleman ; at least I have been such : Don't let your people use me ill, I pray you—He was at this time in so helpless a state, that we were obliged to have him lifted into the boat. Henry gave

orders to be rowed to the shore: A considerable party of his officers and men were there discovered waiting for his landing: When we approached, they cheered him, and as soon as he had set his foot on shore, the air again rang with their shouts—Comrades! he cried, as they were crowding round us, you will stifle us with your kindness: Form a circle, and give us air; don't you perceive the prisoner is fainting? He caused his soldiers instantly to make a kind of military litter by taking hands, and in this manner they bore off the wretched criminal by his order to the guard-house. Whilst this was passing I had taken notice of an officer in the same uniform with the others, who had separated himself from his comrades, and stood apart from the circle, not interfering, but much interested, as it seemed, in

what was going on. When my brother had given orders for his men to take Ap Owen to the guard-house, he called this young officer to him, and bade him take a party with him to Mr. Devereux's house in the square, for the purpose of escorting us through the streets, where a crowd was now collecting. This young gentleman is now on guard upon the house, waiting till my brother shall come, and dismiss him: Mr. Devereux invited him to accept of some refreshment; but he declined it on the plea of duty to the special orders of his commanding officer.

Here Edward Wilson concluded his narrative, and John De Lancaster, who had heard him with the most profound attention, now took his hand, and pressing it to his bosom—Worthiest and best of men, he said, I see with humblest thankfulness the hand of Heaven in

these events, which you have faithfully related to me; for, wonderful although they are, yet I am sure nothing but truth can issue from your lips. The cause no longer is with me; nor ought I to indulge a fruitless grief, much less an angry and revengeful spirit. 'Tis henceforth only these unburied reliques, this breathless piece of clay that I must guard. But in that duty I must be alert, for decency requires, that with our quickest forecast and dispatch we must provide for this corruptible, and take such instant means, as may secure it from these melting heats till our departure: In the mean time we must look out to find a proper house, respectably appointed for the purpose of paying all those honours to the dead, which must not be omitted on my part.

Having said this, he declared himself

ready and sufficiently composed to pay his respects to the family, which had so hospitably received him and so highly merited his thanks for their benevolent attentions to the unfortunate deceased.

At the foot of the great stair-case, which landed in the hall, he was met by Mr. Devereux and his son, who ushered him into an elegant and spacious room: Here he had an opportunity of returning his acknowledgements to the amiable and compassionate Maria in a better manner, than he was in a capacity for doing, when she was present with them, whilst his father expired.

At her solicitation he drank some wine and partook of some refreshments; and as the delicate consideration of his worthy host had allowed no stranger to intrude unseasonably upon him, he found no other calls to satisfy but those of

gratitude. and whilst he saw a tender sympathy and sweet benevolence in all around him, his spirits brightened, and his youthful heart glowed with devotion, thankfulness and love of that pure quality, that sacred character, which, springing up from earth, reaches to heaven, and man partakes of in its way to God.

CHAPTER VI.

There are Secrets in all Families.

AFTER an hour thus passed had calmed our orphan hero's agitated mind, a word was given out at the hall door, and the centinels were heard to salute, when immediately Major Wilson was

announced, and young Devereux hastened to give him welcome, and usher him into the room, where the family were assembled. The gallant soldier entered, and was followed by the officer who had received him at the door. In the act of paying his devoirs to Maria Devereux, and in the manner of her receiving him, there was an expression of surprise, and a certain instant change of countenance on both sides, which probably did not escape the notice of any one there present. It struck her father in particular so strongly, that when the blood, that had rushed into, and overspread her countenance, had now given place to an alarming paleness, he anxiously enquired if she was not suddenly taken ill. She confessed being a little sensible just then of the extraordinary heat upon letting in

the outward air from the door, but that she was quite as suddenly relieved, and her looks soon testified to the truth, or, more properly speaking, the plausibility of her excuse.

The Major in the mean time was not wholly unembarrassed, neither did he give the directest answers to the many speeches, compliments and enquiries, that were successively addressed to him. As soon however as he obtained a respite, anxious to turn the general attention to some other object, than the lady, who had so lately engrossed it, he addressed himself to the young officer, whom he had introduced, and in an undertone, that was not quite a whisper, said in his ear, familiarly laying his hand upon his shoulders—Roberts, my dear boy, I would wish you to step to the guard-house—The obedient subaltern.

was instantly on his legs—Nay, said the Major, I don't want to hurry you out of this company, to which, above all others, I should be most happy and most proud to have you known, but I sincerely think it would be right for you to visit a certain person there, who earnestly solicited to see you; and being sure, that what you ought to do you ever will do, I promised in your name, that you should come. Go then, and tell the officer on duty, you have my leave to be admitted to the prisoner under his charge—The young man bowed respectfully, and asked if he had any further orders. The Major upon referring to Mr. Devereux if he had any commands for the party, having received for answer that he had none, said—Take off your centinels; march them with your party to the barracks,

and there dismiss them—This was answered by a second military obeisance to his commanding officer, and whilst Mr. Devereux was politely saying, that he hoped to have a better opportunity of being known to him, he made his acknowledgements with great respect, and departed.

I should guess, said Edward Wilson, from what I observed of that very interesting youth, that there is something in his mind of a melancholy nature, that oppresses him.

There is every thing in his mind, the Major replied, that does honour to his feelings. You perhaps observed him stand aloof whilst we were busy with the prisoner. That young man, by the death of his father Colonel Roberts, is at this very time next heir to the entire estate of the Ap-Owens under strict entail.

Knowing this to be his situation, I remarked the delicacy of his conduct with peculiar satisfaction, and I also happen to know that he purchased into the regiment with money supplied for that purpose by the unhappy man, whom he is gone to visit. There was a trace of human kindness in that act, and therefore I record it. There are packages and trunks belonging to the criminal, which we brought ashore and have in safe keeping; these are most likely of considerable value, and in the situation which this young man stands towards the present owner of those effects, I think it right for his sake that I should be present at the opening of them.

With these words he rose to take his leave; Maria's eyes followed him to the door; the glance was not unobserved by him; he bowed to her, and ha-

ving beckoned to his brother, Edward instantly obeyed the signal, and they passed the windows arm in arm hastening to overtake young Roberts and his party.

Well ! cried the elder Devereux, that is indeed a soldier and a gentleman. Never did I contemplate courage, honour and benevolence more strongly charactered in the human form and countenance. I am enchanted with Major Wilson, and I hope he will allow me to cultivate his friendship.

A nobler being does not breathe the air, De Lancaster exclaimed. He is the true son of the best of fathers, and full brother to my best of friends.

He is the preserver of my life, Maria said, and the tears glistened in her eyes, as she uttered it.

Astonishment seized the father and

the brother upon this sudden and extraordinary declaration. De Lancaster started from his seat, and offered to withdraw. The generous Maria immediately interposed to prevent him—Stay, sir, I conjure you, she exclaimed, and as you must have noticed my agitation upon seeing Major Wilson, I beg you will be pleased to hear me state the circumstance that caused it.

Right ! cried the father, 'tis expected of you. Every thing that is honourable, said the brother, may be expected from a character like Major Wilson's. I'll pledge myself that nothing can be told of him, which my sister may not repeat without a blush.

I thank you for that handsome testimony, rejoined De Lancaster. Miss Devereux has said, that my friend Wilson is the preserver of her life ; every body

of course, that has the honour to know her, must feel an obligation to respect and honour him.

You may recollect, said Maria, addressing herself to her father, when Count La Lippe had his grand review at Cintra about this time last year, you permitted me to be present at that brilliant spectacle : upon a charge made by the cavalry my horse became unquiet, and, rearing, dislodged me from my saddle, whilst, my foot being entangled in the stirrup, rendered my situation that of the most imminent danger : in this perilous moment, as I was in the very act of falling, I found myself in the arms of an officer, who at the same time that he was supporting me, found means by an extraordinary exertion to stop my horse, and rescue me in the very instant, when my life would have been at the mercy.

of the terrified animal. When my alarm and agitation had so far subsided as to enable me to speak, I did not fail, as you may well believe, to render those acknowledgements and thanks, that were so justly due: I told the stranger who I was, and that I had a father, who would be most anxious to express to him his grateful sense of the service he had rendered to me: perceiving him to be a British officer, I also besought him to inform me by what name you, sir, were to discover and address the preserver of my life. When I looked to him for his answer, he seemed to be at that moment in even greater agitation than I was myself, and I had reason to apprehend he had received some hurt by the violence of my horse: he hastily replied, that he was to leave Lisbon the next morning, and probably might not return to it again:

after a short pause, seemingly to recover breath, or perhaps from the effect of pain, he added (and I well remember the very words he used, and the expressive manner of his uttering them)—Alas, madam, I am a mere soldier of fortune, and the only happy fortune, that has hitherto befallen me, is this, which I now enjoy, of having rendered you some little service: With the joy this gives me I am so abundantly rewarded, that I cannot think of receiving any other acknowledgements, than those, which you have honoured me with already—Whereupon, seeing my party come to me, and that I was safe and unhurt, he apologized for the necessity of his abrupt departure, and hastened to recover his charger and rejoin his regiment. Judge now, my dear father, when I recognized my preserver in the person of Major Wilson,

whether I had not cause to be affected by the conscious grateful sense of my unspeakable obligations to him.

Surely, my beloved child, replied the father of the beautiful and ingenuous Maria, you had just and ample cause for the sensibility of your feelings on the sight of Major Wilson ; and I and your brother, and every one, that values and esteems you, are bound for ever to esteem and value him. Had he been the poorest private in the army, I would have made him affluent for life : it would have been my duty : But when I find myself indebted for every thing that is dear and precious, to a man of Major Wilson's amiable and engaging character, what can I say less, in the warmth of my paternal feelings, than that if he were to claim my daughter herself as a recompence for my daughter's life, I, as

far as my authority extends, should have no scruple to confirm his title?

Upon hearing these words, young Devereux eagerly started from his seat, and in the enthusiasm of his friendship for Wilson, exclaimed—That is nobly said ! that, my dear father, that is like yourself: I second it with my whole heart.

What our delighted and approving hero felt, he properly and considerately kept to himself, as far as his expressive countenance would suffer him to conceal it; in the mean time, Maria (the sensitive and interesting Maria) covered with blushes, and dissolving into tears which had every grateful, every virtuous affection for their source, took her father's hand, tenderly pressed it to her lips, and hastened out of the room.

You have allowed me, Mr. Devereux,

said our hero, to witness a domestic scene, revealing secrets, which my honour never will permit me to violate, and inspiring me with an admiration of your lovely daughter, and a respect for you and my friend your son, which nothing can exceed.

CHAPTER VII.

A Chapter, which disposes of one of the principal Characters in the History, and concludes the second Book of the third and last Volume.

THE next morning early, as soon as John De Lancaster had risen and was dressed, a note from Cornet Roberts signified, that he was waiting, and requested leave to be admitted to him in private for a very few minutes. This was

instantly granted, and his visitor introduced the business he was upon by promising, that it concerned a guilty but repentant object, whom he was sensible it did not become him even to name in Mr. De Lancaster's hearing, unless he had his free permission so to do.

Assure me only, said De Lancaster, that the person you allude to is really penitent, and I shall then think it my duty to hear and attend to any thing, you have to tell me of Sir David Ap Owen, or from Sir David.

That he is truly penitent, replied Roberts, I most seriously believe, and, as one proof of it, I have received from his hands this bond, which with contrition he returns to you by mine.

He considers himself as a dying man, and from what he hinted at respecting his avoidance of a public execution, I

cannot but suspect that he has taken means to intercept that punishment. I understand from my kind friend Major Wilson, that you are apprised of my connection and peculiar situation with respect to this unhappy man. I therefore flatter myself you will not be displeased when I inform you, that I have here in my hand a full confession, every word of which was dictated by him, and signed in his own hand-writing with his name, of the dreadful crime, which has made you fatherless, and also of another infamous proceeding of a complicated nature, respecting a much-injured young woman, daughter of his uncle's bard Ap Rees, and now deceased. Under the dreadful consciousness of these atrocious deeds he is now approaching to his last hour. Condition more calamitous than this, is not in mortal man to suffer

or conceive.—In a trunk, of which I have the key, there is a considerable sum of money, raised and amassed by him before and since his leaving England, as a resource I should suppose against events, which he had reason to foresee and dread. Out of this money he has directed me to purchase an annuity for the joint lives of the father and brother of the poor girl, who was the victim of his cruel and flagitious passions. Of his-mother he speaks with bitterest abhorrence, accusing her as the incendiary, who inflamed his animosity against you, and spurred him on to the late horrid act to satisfy her malice and revenge. She has thrown herself into the convent of Saint Barbara, and by a letter I am charged with he solemnly adjures her to devote the remnant of her days to repentance and atonement. This

sir, is the sum of what I am commissioned to report to you, except the last most anxious wish of his heart, a wish however, which he justly fears you cannot be induced to grant, though he credits you for charity of the sublimest sort; namely, that you would condescend to look upon him in his extreme distress, and suffer him to humble himself before you, though despairing of forgiveness.

Sir, replied De Lancaster, with the lessons and example of our Heavenly Master ever before me, it is not in my heart, wounded although it be, to turn away from this repentant criminal, and not comply with his request, however painful it must be to grant it. Tell him I'll come to him within this hour; nay, if you rather wish it, I am ready at this very minute to go with you. Perhaps

what you conjecture may be true; and, if it be, no time is to be lost.

This said, the generous youth, without a moment's loss, took his visitor by the arm, and with a ready mind, prepared for every trial, hastened to the melancholy abode, where, upon giving in his name to the officer upon guard, he was admitted to the wretch, who had been his unrelenting enemy through life, and had at length completed the full measure of his malice and atrocity by the murder of his father.

Upon entering the room, John De Lancaster had no sooner come within the centinels, than he stopped, and, addressing himself to the prisoner, said—Sir David Ap Owen, I am come at your desire to convince you that I am incapable of withholding from you any thing on my part, that can facilitate and further

your repentance, which I truly hope may be so perfect and sincere, as to atone for your offences, grievous as they have been, and, through the intercession of your Redeemer, recommend you to the mercy and forgiveness of your God.

The prisoner had been reading; he raised his eyes from the book, and fixing them with wild amazement upon the person of the man he had so deeply injured, now beyond all his hopes presenting himself at his call, and addressing him with these solemn and impressive words, when struck on a sudden to the heart (the mortal dose conspiring with his conscience to arrest and stop its pulses) he gave a hideous shriek and fell into a swoon.

There were two centinels within the room; the officer upon guard had entered with De Lancaster, and his relation

Mr. Roberts was also present to assist him. By their efforts, and the medical assistance within their call, the prisoner after a time was brought out of his fit ; De Lancaster in the mean while never stirring from the spot where he stood.

There was evidently a change and some derangement of features observable in the prisoner after this attack : his mouth was in a degree drawn aside, and he seemed to speak with difficulty : he made himself however understood, and asked if he might be permitted to be in private with the gentleman, who had condescended to visit him—I am struck with death, he said, and if the door was opened to me, I could not walk out of it.—To this the officer made answer, that his orders did not allow him in any case to take off the centinels, and of course his suit could not be granted.—I

submit, replied the dying suicide, and now when I am hastening to the presence of that awful Judge, from whom nothing that I have done, nothing that I have meditated, can be hidden or concealed, what avails it who is present to hear and to attest my full and free confession that I am guilty of the heinous crime, for which I justly suffer this imprisonment, so rigidly, but so deservedly, enforced ? It was because the early virtue of that excellent youth, whom I have now made fatherless, overshadowed my unworthiness, that my envious spirit rose against him ; it was the praise, which he obtained and merited from all who spoke of him, that galled my pride, and fostered that malignity of mind, which hurried me along from step to step to the commission of the direst acts that ever weighed on

a departing soul. To all my sins I now have added suicide, and defrauded public justice of its rightful punishment by being my own executioner. I have been long provided with a poisonous and tasteless mixture, which, (with horror I confess it) was destined to be made my instrument of vengeance upon the only woman, that ever touched my savage heart—the innocent and beautiful Maria Devereux; and what was it inspired me, monster as I am, with such a horrid purpose? it was because she honourably withstood my splendid offers, and candidly avowed that her affections were fixed upon an unknown gallant officer, who had saved her life, and by that action won her grateful heart.—Blessed be Heaven, that hath prevented this!—I had more to say, much more, but it is lost; my memory wan-

ders, and I feel the deadly drug within me now in operation—I know, I know that there is joy reserved for that berevolent, that blessed youth, who even now with eyes, that beam divinity, looks on me whilst imploring pardon with my dying breath, and pities even the murderer of his father.

Here his voice failed ; the deleterious dose rushed to the seat of life ; another spasm seized him ; his senses vanished ; death was in his visage, horrible to behold ; the medical assistants came about him, pronounced him gone ; the poison had prevailed. The awful consummation was complete.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Our Hero meets Major Wilson, and a Conference takes place, which to some of my Readers may perhaps be interesting.

As John De Lancaster was crossing the barrack-yard on his return from the guard-house, he was met by Major Wilson, to whom he imparted the tragical event, which he had so lately witnessed. When the Major had given directions for the measures necessary to be taken in consequence of the prisoner's death by suicide upon his own confession, he expressed his wish to De Lancaster, that he would step aside with him into his private room, having something

on his mind, that he was anxious to communicate to him.

As soon as they had seated themselves the Major said—Though the sudden exit of this wretched man naturally takes up your thoughts, and must also occupy my attention, yet I seize a few minutes, my dear John, to inform you of something that has passed between Mr. Devereux and me this morning; and I am persuaded you will pardon the intrusion, though it is a matter, that relates entirely to myself. I had not long parted from that gentleman, when I met you, and his business with me was to request, that I would change my quarters, and accept of the accommodation of his house, whilst you and Edward took up your abode with him. When I declined this polite invitation on the plea of regimental duties, his kindness led him to urge it upon

me with a degree of earnestness, that seemed very particular, and embarrassed me not a little ; for in fact I had more reasons for withstanding his importunity than were convenient for me to disclose to him. To you, my dear John, I can tell all the truth, and the truth is, that like a silly puppy as I am, I have something more than a weak side towards his fair daughter, and don't choose to expose my folly in either his or her company. You must know, my friend, that yesterday was not the first time of my seeing her. In a situation of some danger from an unruly horse at a review, it was my fortune to be of service to her ; by which adventure I dislocated my wrist, and have felt a pain in a certain part under my left ribs ever since : It occurred to me that her father had been let into the secret of this piece of service,

on my part, and was seeking an opportunity for making me some sort of return, which you can well believe I am too proud to allow of; besides which—

Besides what? said John (availing himself of a pause in the Major's narrative) can't you go on with your story, and fairly own that you are not one whit more in love with Maria Devereux than Maria Devereux is with you? do you suppose that I have no eyes, no observation to discover that?

Nonsense! rejoined the Major, you allude to what occurred upon our meeting yesterday, and mistake gratitude for liking. Now gratitude, you know, won't serve her purpose, for I want no return; and love would make an ass and a fool of me, were I to let it get the mastery of me; for what am I? 'Twould be just as possible to persuade his faithful majes-

ty to give me the princess of Portugal to wife, as to propose my ridiculous self, (Major Wilson forsooth, with a sword by his side and a bit of ribband in his hat) to a man of Devereux's sort, whose coffers overflow with the gold of Brazil, and whose daughter is a rock of diamonds, eclipsed indeed by the lustre of her eyes, and the bright display of ten thousand thousand charms, which I am not quite philosopher enough to withstand, nor fool enough to encounter? Why, John, if I could suppose for a moment that she had any liking for me, s'death ! I should run crazy, nay, I know not where I should run.—

Into her arms to be sure, John replied ; I don't fancy you need run any where else, if you knew half as much of your own case as I do. But tell me first how you brought yourself off with

Mr. Devereux. Did'nt you accept of his invitation, and won't you post yourself in the citadel, when the gates are opened to you ?

Not for the world, said Wilson : 'Tis not in my nature to be so presumptuous. In short I managed my affairs most wretchedly; honesty got the better of me, and after blundering out several false excuses, I at last let out the true one, and, like a downright John-Bull blockhead fairly told him, that his daughter was too captivating, and I too much captivated, to venture any nearer to a lovely and enchanting object, whom, if I were rash enough to approach, it would be only to expose my folly, and destroy my peace. I believe I said something too vauntingly about honour and attachment to my profession, which I considered as a patrimony I never

could be brought to alienate: in fine however I became more humble, and earnestly besought him to allow of my declining his favours altogether, whilst I had recollection enough left to find my way to the army I belonged to, and shew myself not totally unworthy of his good opinion by the force I put upon myself to preserve it. And now, friend John, what say you to all this, that I have been telling you? you, that have all the wisdom in a green head, that others have in their grey ones, answer me, and say—did I, or did I not, do right?

In point of honour, Major, you did right; you were a little romantic perhaps, but, honourably speaking, you did strictly right. But you have not told me how your conference ended.

At this moment an orderly man put a

letter into his hands, which having hastily perused, he said—I am not sure that our conference is ended, my dear fellow ; for it should seem as if the gentleman only quitted me to collect materials for continuing it. I will read you Mr. Devereux's note just now received, and you will judge.

“ At the express desire of Maria Devereux I am to signify to the gallant officer, whom she holds herself indebted to for life, that she cannot admit the plausibility of his scruples, and will guarantee his honour, if he will be pleased to wave them, and make her and his friends happy by being of the family party this day at dinner. The undersigned, who writes what she has dictated, begs leave to add that he is ready to second these her absolute commands, or any other to the like effect, that she may lay upon him in

the case aforesaid, and thereunto, for the fuller satisfaction of the parties concerned, he pledges his name,

GEORGE DEVEREUX, SENIOR."

No sooner had our friendly hero heard him to the end, than impatient to congratulate him, he exclaimed—And what would you have more to assure you, that you have gained the prize, and all your wishes, all your hopes are crowned? Now all this I could have told you, had I not been a little too much of a man of honour to betray family secrets, but the wretched suicide, who lies in yonder guard-house, made no secret of declaring before he died, that Maria Devereux scrupled not to avow her fixed attachment to the unknown officer, who had saved her life. Can you want any further evidence, or would you have her

to proclaim her passion for you in the public square by sound of bell? Do you require the father to fall upon his knees to you, and petition you to save his daughter's life? Something a little short of this, methinks, if I can comprehend that note, he has already done. Now then, puissant conqueror, sally forth in all your pomp of triumph, and receive into your arms the loveliest girl (excepting always her whom I should still except, was the whole world of beauty ranged before me) that ever I beheld. I did not think I could have felt such joy on this side those old towers, in which my heart is lodged. Oh my dear Wilson, let me be the bearer of these joyous tidings to your beloved, your delighted father, to my old darling grand-sires, to my sainted aunt and to my

lovely my betrothed Amelia. My work is done. I'll quicken my departure.

The name of the sub-minister was now announced to Major Wilson, and De Lancaster took his leave.

CHAPTER II.

Major Wilson visits Mr. Devereux. John De Lancaster briefly recites the History of Amelia Jones.

A GRAVE and courtier-like gentleman presented himself to Major Wilson, and with much deliberation informed him, that his most faithful majesty, having resolved to repair to Elvas for the purpose of reviewing the combined forces there assembled, had signified his royal pleasure, that a British officer, not below

the rank of major of cavalry, should be sought out to attend upon him as one of his aid-de-camps on that occasion ; and that he, Major Wilson, having been recommended as an officer in all respects qualified for that distinguished situation, he had now the honour to inform Major Wilson, that the king had been graciously pleased to accept his services, if it suited him to undertake the duty.

Sir, replied Major Wilson, I understand it to be so much my duty to lay my poor services, at the feet of his most faithful majesty, that I cannot for a moment hesitate to profess myself ready to obey his majesty's commands, which I beg you will be pleased to report to the minister in such terms as may best express the respectful sense, which I entertain of his excellency's kindness and condescension.

I shall report to his excellency, the sub-minister made answer, exactly as you instruct me, and as I know your friend Mr. Devereux to be warmly interested in your behalf, I shall call upon that gentleman in my way, and inform him that his wishes are now happily accomplished : I have also a particular message to Mr. Devereux in command from his majesty, in whose grace and favour that very worthy gentleman stands extremely high.

The man in office bowed himself out of the room, and Wilson sate down and wrote as follows to Mr. Devereux, in answer to his note.

“Sir,

“If my diffidence caused me to decline your most obliging invitation, I am sensible no plea will excuse me, when you join authority so irresistible with your

own: You will nevertheless be pleased to bear in mind, that I have confided to you my terrors, and acknowledged my unworthiness. I have just now had a visit from a gentleman in office, which convinces me that you are resolved I shall be indebted to you for favours, which I have no right to expect, but which it would have been an unpardonable presumption on my part to have withstood. I am much afraid you have recommended a very unfit person for courtly services, when I cannot find words to express to you how much I am,

Sir,

Your ever obliged and

devoted servant

HENRY WILSON."

When it was time for the Major to fulfil his engagement, and wait upon

Mr. Devereux, he found the gentlemen assembled in the receiving room, but no Maria. It is probable she had passed a little more time than was usual with her at her toilet; but her occupation there was not to find ornaments for her person, but rather to recommend herself to her expected visitor by the simplicity and modest elegance of her dress. When dinner was announced she contrived to meet the company as they passed the hall, and avoided the embarrassment of a formal entrance.

As the events, which had so lately occurred, kept the house under exclusion as to visitors, their party still continued to consist of their family circle only. The conversation after dinner took that turn, which naturally tends to put the parties at their ease, and as the gaiety of the Major's disposition began to show itself,

Maria's spirits rose, and reserve was banished. Addressing herself to him, she said—I understand you are to be at court to-morrow, and my father is to have the honour of presenting you to his majesty. I don't conceive you will like it ; 'tis a formal piece of business. You will be more at home in the field at Elvas, when your favourite regiment passes in review.

In the mean time, said John De Lancaster, Edward and I must be measuring back our solitary way by sea and land, deprived of that agreeable society, which we enjoyed on our passage hither. Events, which we could not foresee, and which produce sensations and reflections of a very opposite nature, have contributed to dismiss me from the duty of a longer stay, and a very little time will now release from any further trouble

these generous friends, whose benevolence has given us shelter ; and as I despair of ever expressing to Mr. Devereux the full sense I entertain of the kindness and consolation I have received under the protection of this charitable roof, I must rely upon the friend I leave behind me to take every occasion for bearing witness to my gratitude, till we may all have the happiness of meeting once more in our native land ; a happiness, which I hope is in reserve for every one of us. I have secured my passage in the packet, now on her return to England. My first duty will be to deposit the mournful charge, that providence has been pleased to lay upon me, in the burial-place of my family. There are two benevolent old men, anxiously expecting me, both far advanced in years, between whom and me there is now a

broken link in the chain, that leaves, alas! to them but a precarious and short hold on life. Your gallant father, my dear Henry, is, you know, and ever has been, as my father also; and for my aunt Cecilia, what I feel towards her, is only short of absolute idolatry.

Here as our hero seemed about to pause, Edward, who had watched him with a pleased attention, said—John, you have gratified us much with this account of your own feelings for a family of love, whom when you speak of thus, by honouring them, you at the same time reflect most honour on yourself. But is there not another in your thoughts—aye, in your heart, my friend, of whom you have not spoken? Come, let us—let me at least—hear me of the lovely the beloved Amelia.

Ah, why name her? De Lancaster re-

plied. Why tell the Major soldiers are courageous? What news to him? He knows it, and he feels it? Why tell Miss Devereux, women may be charming, and men be charmed? She knows it, and we feel it. If love be named in any lady's hearing, it should be love particular, not general—How am I sure, if I should speak of love in any way that I can speak, the topick would be pleasing to Miss Devereux, who has such powers to inspire it, but may not want to be told any thing of those, who feel it?

I understand you, sir, Maria replied: You are very civil, and a little sly: But be assured, of all the topicks you could single out most grateful to my ears, and perhaps most correspondent with my feelings, would be a fair account without reserve of your love (which

I am sure is honourable love) for the lady of your choice, of whose perfections I can't doubt; and as for beauty I'll take George's word for that; he speaks in rapture of the fair Amelia.

You must not quite believe him, said our hero: At least it is not for her beauty I should be inclined to speak in raptures of Amelia. Her form and face are pleasing I presume; to me at least they are: but there is something spiritual about her; something I can't define; an emanation from the mind within, that takes and keeps possession of my heart. I seriously declare I never yet was in her company, when I had leisure to bestow my attention upon her beauty, simply so considered. She was but as a child when I first saw her; Nature had not supplied her with attractions, that could induce me to mis-

take the impression, I then received, for any other than a love as pure as her own thoughts, a zeal to serve her, a wish that I might live to make her happy, and shield her, like a blossom, from the blast. I found her in the humblest situation, that dependance on my friends for education and support could place her. She was an orphan without means to furnish food for another day. There was a soft petition in her eyes for pity and protection, which if I had not felt in every vein that visited my heart, I had been a monster. Her father, a brave soldier, like my friend here in my eye, whose honour and whose sword were all his portion, married the generous girl, who risked her life to nurse and save him in a dreadful fever, when all his fellow soldiers round were dying, and every breath of air, that she respi-

red, was charged and saturated with infection.

Oh what a godlike act, Maria cried ! she merited his love. Could he do less ?

He could not, and he did not, John replied. She was the daughter of a brother officer, the major of his regiment, then serving in the West Indies. She lived to be the mother of Amelia ; she was too good for this bad world we live in, and Heaven recalled her ; after she was lost, death had but little trouble to destroy a wretched man, whom sorrow had struck down, and both Amelia's parents now repose in the same grave : by happy chance she found her way to England : there, by the bounty of my grandfather Morgan and my deceased mother she was placed under the care of an excellent lady, who educated and

brought her up. When my poor mother died, she left her what she had in her disposal, a slender portion, but enjoined me on her death bed to consider it as my especial duty to protect her, and make her happiness, her honour and her interests in all respects my own: from that moment such they have been, and ever will be—This is the history of my Amelia. It is my happy fortune to have gained an interest in her pure and virtuous heart, and, if we live to meet, let a few months pass by without fresh cause of sorrow, she will be my wife.

Happy, happy man! exclaimed Maria, the envied privilege of whose sex it is to put aside the mean concern of money, and say to the dear object of your heart—I love you; share my fortune: I am your's!

As she said this, not daring to abide the interpretation that her words might bear, she rose and with apparent agitation left the room.

CHAPTER III.

A definitive Explanation takes place between Maria Devereux and Major Wilson.

WHEN Maria had retired, the company were silent for a time. Devereux at length addressed De Lancaster, and said—How much I hold your character in honour for what you have related to us, I cannot tell you; but I am convinced the proper use of the advantages, that affluence gives us (and therein I agree with my Maria) is to procure that lasting happiness, which a well-

chosen partnership for life is of all chances, that this world can give us, the likeliest to ensure to us. Some aspire to raise their families to rank and title; and it would be a laudable ambition, if nobler principles, superior wisdom and sublimer virtues were interwoven with our pedigrees, and descended to our posterity with the patents of our peerages, and entail of our estates: but these are not the expectations, neither are they the motives, that induce ambitious parents to betray their children into those fatal and delusive marriages, which only elevate them to become conspicuous objects of disgrace and scorn. I have been long persuaded, that the controul of parents over the affections and attachments of their children should, by the laws of nature and of reason, be only exercised for the prevention of ill-

advised, unworthy, indiscreet connections, which cannot fail to lead to ruin and repentance. A dissipated profligate, a vain fool, a gamester, a disbeliever, libertines without principle and conceited puppies without employ have been known to catch the eyes of an unthinking girl, but 'tis the parent's duty to repulse them; so is it not his duty, but the abuse of it, when he refuses to bestow her fortune upon the worthy man, whom she has honourably singled out, and wisely chosen, not by the eye, but heart, to be the sharer of her happiness. The children, Heaven hath blessed me with, are fitted by understanding, and fully able by the ample means, which of right they possess, to carve out for themselves their future lot in life, without regard to what the objects of their choice may be unprovi-

ded with, and which they abound in—worldly property. Each of them have enough, whereon to live in ease and affluence so long as they can live in harmony and peace—And now I have tired you with a long harangue, but I would wish to have it understood by all here present as my rule of practice; so with your leave, good friends, we will break up this court of conscience, and remove our cause into another, where we can have the counsel and assistance of the lady, who there is left in solitary expectation of our company over her tea and coffee.

The proposal was instantly complied with, and the gentlemen adjourned to another room, where Maria was present, and did the honours of her tea-table. When this business was dispatched, she produced the chess-board, and offered

a challenge, which Major Wilson gallantly accepted. Parties, that devote themselves to that dull monopolizing game, seem for a time to be so absolutely excluded from society, and so wedded to their own manœuvres, that it is perfectly fair and lawful to consider them as absentees, and accordingly the gentlemen, who were at liberty to follow their own amusements, walked out to enjoy the breeze, that every evening visits the banks of the Tagus from the northward, and qualifies the else insufferable heat.

It was some time before the contending parties perceived that they had no spectators, and not even a solitary second to appeal to in a case of controversy, if such had arisen, or should arise, in the course of their engagement.

You are too strong for me, said Maria,

and as I cannot make any impression on your defences, I give up the contest. You are absolutely a professor, and I am a mere novice, more fit to be your disciple than your antagonist: besides, you mask your game, whilst I lay myself open to you, and (which is more provoking still) when you have me in your power, and might check-mate me by a single move, you always mischievously contrive to leave some loop-hole for me to escape, on purpose to postpone a victory, which you are indifferent about securing and seem to consider as below your notice.

If I do this, he said; I'm sure you cannot seriously suppose my reasons to be those, which you assign. Could you not find some motive for my hesitation more natural, and less impossible, than indifference? May not the conscious-

ness of what I am, instruct me almost to distrust my senses, though the divinity, whom I adore, should condescend to me her humble worshipper with looks so gracious, kindness so alluring, as seem to say—Approach me, and be blest?—but how to approach, when I compute the distance, that throws me off, and awes me from the attempt, is indeed a question, that staggers and confounds me.

At this she smiled, and with a look, that spoke encouragement, which could not be mistaken, I suppose, she said, the scale, on which you measure distances between us, is a certain thing called money, which though you yourself disinterestedly hold in no respect, you think perhaps that I have not the spirit to treat with the same contempt as you do. Therein you do me no wrong.

Were those eventual and mean advantages, which I possess, transferred from me to you, I solemnly declare they would not be a feather in your scale, as I should weigh it ; why then should you suffer them to give a false preponderance to mine ? When Owen laid his fortune at my feet, I had no knowledge of his character ; he had the address to keep it out of sight, his manners were polite, his temper placid, in point of person nature had rather favoured him than not. My father left me free to make my choice, and I had made it ; therefore I refused him. Now do you understand me, do you know me ? need I be more explicit ? No ; the privilege of truth can go no further : sincerity itself must stop me here.

Now, now you throw me on my knees for ever, the enraptured lover cried :

now I look up to you as to a being, exalted above all that I conceived of human excellence : your nobleness of soul is now a charm beyond what nature has bestowed upon you, and my admiration of your beauty is almost lost whilst I adore your goodness. When happy fortune threw me in the way to save you, and receive you in my arms upon that memorable day, I had marked you out and fixed my eyes upon you in the charge ; I knew you as the daughter of the wealthiest man in Portugal, and honour tied my tongue, though even then I struggled with a passion which tempted me to tell you—That your rich father amidst all his treasures had but one recompence that I would take ; which being far above what I could merit, or dare aspire to, I was proudly silent, and studied rather to avoid than seek your pre-

sence, conscious that every time I looked upon you I should find fresh occasion to admire you, and, as love sunk the deeper in my heart, the deeper I should sink into despair.

Now then, she said, I am understood at last, and it is not the first proof I have received how slowly merit finds that secret out, which impudence and vanity pretend at the first glance to see through, and interpret in their own favour. You are a soldier, and modesty of mind is ever found with manliness and valour : you must be still a soldier : I'll not ask you to sacrifice your honour and your occupation : 'tis for your country's service you were born ; that is your character ; in that you shine, to that you must adhere, and never for an instant fly your post, but when you fly to save a fellow creature, as you did me.

If you suspect me weak enough to sigh for any honours greater than to share your fortune, any pleasures beyond those, which your approving smile will ever give me, any self-consequence above the honest pride, that I shall feel to hear your praises, you mistake me wholly. Don't think that I will borrow from my father's stores to dazzle you with diamonds; no; not one, had he a mine, would I consent to wear, unless by your command, and that I think will never be your wish to lay upon me, whilst there are nobler graces and adornments within my reach far more becoming of a soldier's wife.

What answer Major Wilson made to this, how the dialogue was carried on during the time the lovers were alone, as likewise how much shorter, or how much longer, that time seemed to them

to be than it really was, must be left as matter of conjecture, which the imagination of the reader will readily supply without referring to the chess board to fill it up, as there is authority to say that game was not by either party proposed to be renewed. Happiness sanctioned by paternal authority, and virtuous love unchecked by the demurs of honour, filled the brave heart of Wilson with delight, and he heard an early day announced by Devereux for the sure tying of that sacred knot, which nothing but the hand of death should sever, though in too many cases it has proved a slip knot in the fingers of the law.

CHAPTER IV.

John De Lancaster embarks for England, accompanied by his Friend the Reverend Mr. Wilson. Conversation on the Passage.

THERE was no longer any cause to stop De Lancaster's return to England. All duties were discharged ; all ceremonies had been observed towards the unburied body of his father, which man's inventive fancy has devised to decorate the case, that holds our clay, and make the ostentatious living pay large contributions for those empty honours which they bestow on human dust and ashes. Mutes, who would keep no silence, and mourners, who expressed no sorrow, in rooms, hung round with " customary suits of solemn black," had regularly sate up all night long, with

their full complement of wax-tapers, to watch a thing that could not run away, and which no one wished to steal. All these ceremonies, which, had poor Philip been alive, would have given him such intolerable annoyance, had now with religious punctuality been performed, and his corpse was committed to a ship, which, unlike to that wherein he came, was not bound to the coast of slavery, but to the land of liberty.

All things were now on board; the morning dawned; the dog-vane witnessed an auspicious breeze; the crew sung out at the cap-stan and the packet was under weigh. Devereux's eight-oared galley was in waiting, and nothing now remained but to put off and part. Although the friends, who stayed on shore, as well as those, who put to sea, took the very course, to which their

wishes pointed, and which their own immediate happiness prescribed, yet they could not separate without sorrow, and the last farewell drew tears from the brightest eyes in Portugal, and sighs from some of the best hearts in nature. Philip the whilst, in his narrow house of lead, slept undisturbed, and was as perfectly untouched by sensibility as if he had been alive.

The gallant vessel in the mean time, as if conscious of the charge she had on board, cut her passage through the waves, not deigning to rise to them, but throwing them aside, and dashing them from her bows, as her spreading canvass pressed her down in the water, and hurried her along before the steady breeze.

Our hero and his friend, having cast a parting look upon the towers of Lisbon, retired into the cabin, whilst the master

kept the deck, regaling himself in the prospect of so fair an outset, for the weather was delicious, and the sky prognosticated a continuance of the breeze.

If any thing, said Wilson, could reconcile me to the imprisonment of a ship, it would be a day like this, with a breeze impregnated with odours of orange flowers to regale my senses, and the elements in good humour all around me. I am happy to discover that there are some consolatory moments in a seaman's life. And now, my dear John, I am satisfied you have not let these singular events pass by without reflecting, with due gratitude to the Disposer of our fate, how graciously he has been pleased to terminate our enterprize; which, though not absolutely untinctured with disappointment and misfortune, might yet have led to miseries, that would have admit-

ted of no consolation. Don't let me wound your filial feelings, when I remind you, that the blow, which made you fatherless, might have fallen where it would have extinguished more lives than one, and blotted out the very name of De Lancaster for ever. If I went so far as to say, that probably there are few beings in existence, whose loss society has less cause to mourn than that of him, whose remains we are now bearing to the grave, I should not at least offend against truth, tho' I might need your pardon for addressing the remark to you. How visible is the hand of divine justice in the apprehension of that guilty wretch, and in the prevention of those further crimes, which he meditated to commit! What can be more strikingly characterized, more impressively apportioned to our ideas of

retribution, than that tragical catastrophe, which passed before your eyes, and put a period to his sinful life? How mercifully is it ordered, that those worldly blessings, which he so grossly abused, will now devolve upon one, who seems able and disposed to estimate them rightly, and employ them worthily! when we turn our thoughts to what has come to pass respecting my most fortunate and happy brother, what a dispensation do we contemplate! How unexpected, how beyond all hope! If in one respect we bring home with us fresh cause for mourning, do we not also bring full matter for rejoicing, if happily we return to our dear friends in safety, and find them, as Heaven grant we may! in prosperous health and undisturbed tranquillity of mind?

That, my dear Edward, that indeed,

replied De Lancaster, will be a happiness never to be exceeded, a vouchsafement never to be forgotten. As from these windows I look out and see the foaming track, which our swift-sailing vessel leaves behind her, my heart exults to think, that we have cut off so much from the space of sea, that we must traverse before we reach the shores of that asylum, where I left all that my soul has treasured up to bless and crown with happiness my days to come. Ah, my best friend, if Heaven shall so vouchsafe that I may live to call Amelia mine, and, when possess of all my heart holds dear, if those principles, which you have taught me, shall be found still operative, still inviolate and pure, how vast will be my obligations to you, who took me when I was in a state of dereliction, taught me to perceive that I was

endowed with reason, and enabled me to discern how to apply it to its proper uses. If I could have suffered the events, which you have instanced, to have passed by me without reflections, of which you remind me, I must have been insensible indeed : On the contrary, be assured they struck me with the double force of opposite examples, shewing me both the evil and the good ; the punishment of villainy in the instance of Ap Owen, and the reward of virtue in the person of your brother.

The master of the packet now came into the cabin, and introduced a gentleman by the name of Anderton, in whose frame and complexion the effects of tropical disease were strongly marked. He might be somewhat past the middle stage of life, and there were traces in his sickly countenance of that mild charac-

ter, that to hearts like those of our hero and his friend made an interesting appeal; and he soon perceived that his good fortune had thrown him into the company of fellow passengers, who felt for his situation, and were naturally disposed to shew him all attentions in their power, and tender him a share in all those comforts, which Devereux's care had amply stored them with, and which his condition seemed so much to need.

The wind was fair, the sea was easy, and the motion of the vessel being regularly and rapidly progressive, was not of that sort, which produces sickness and disquietude. Anderton by their invitation reposed himself on the couch, where they took their seats on each side of him. His eyes now brightened as he turned them on his beneficent companions, the

blood flushed faintly in his cheeks, and addressing them, he said—

Knowing in whose company I have the happiness to be, and highly grateful as I am for the kind reception you have given me, though as yet a perfect stranger, it is fit that I should briefly tell you who and what I am ; briefly it needs must be, for one dull scene of industry, one uniform pursuit, comprize the whole history of my unimportant solitary life. If it were the sole purpose of man in this world to make his fortune, I have accomplished that purpose; for in colonial property I am superfluously rich. I was an orphan in my infancy, and have no recollection of my parents; after a scanty education upon charity, I was taken into a merchant's service, where I performed the menial offices of

his counting-house; there however I gained a knowledge of accounts and forms of business. I devoted myself, as I have told you, without avocation of any kind, to the task before me, and was consigned over to the manager of a considerable estate in Jamaica as an under agent, who was not likely to decline any labour, or betray any trust. I did neither one nor the other; they did not spare me, and I did not spare myself. Incessant industry, no taste for pleasure, no incitements to excess, an absolute sequestration from all society, and no diversion of ideas from those, which I employed upon the cane, the mill and the negro, raised me by degrees hardly gained to a capacity of adventuring for myself, and my laborious efforts have succeeded, as I told you, to the fullest extent; I am the sole fabricator of an

ample property, for the attainment of which I have, as you see, sacrificed my health, and deprived myself of the ability to enjoy my earnings. One consolation however supports me on reflection, which is that of being conscious, that I am chiefly indebted for my prosperity to the humanity, with which I ever treated those, who were my slaves : I have been the founder of their happiness, and they the instruments, that have raised my fortune. I made their cabins comfortable, their wives and children happy ; I contemplated their increase with satisfaction, and can boast of having never purchased or imported a single African, since I have been owner of a single acre. They grew up with me as their common father, they lived and worked for me, I lived to think and act for them. To the whole world of white men I am a stran-

ger ; except with one alone I never formed acquaintance : he, and he only, was my friend ; from him I learnt the precepts and the policy of humanity to my enslaved fellow creatures : I loved him as my own life ; he married and became a widower ; I received him in his sorrow, and lodged him in my house ; he was a soldier, and a gentleman ; my purse would have been his for every use he could have put it to, but his high-born spirit would not stoop to obligations of that sort ; he sickened, languished a few days, and expired in my arms. My spirit died with him ; every comfort, every joy my nature was capable of feeling, were buried with him in the grave. He left a little orphan girl, in whom the remnant of my heart was wrapped ; her grandfather took her from me ; she was sent to England, and, if she yet survives, and is in

the virtues of her mind, what she promised to be in the beauties of her person, she is an angel. Would I might see her once before I die !

Tell me her name, said De Lancaster, and instantly, as Anderton pronounced Amelia Jones, our astonished hero threw himself back on the couch, smote his hands together and with uplifted eyes exclaimed—Just Heaven, how wonderful are thy decrees !

The explanation, that ensued, would be superfluous to relate ; it filled up the time till the hour of dinner put an end to it. Devereux's provisions furnished out an excellent repast, and the sea-air supplied an appetite. Anderton fed heartily, and the languor of his countenance yielded to the joint effects of cordial diet, and that elevation of spirits, which the conversation of De Lancaster and

Wilson had inspired him with. After a glass or two of delicious wine had gone temperately round, the cabin was cleared ; all, who had charge of the ship, repaired to their duty on the deck, and the three passengers were left at liberty to resume their conversation.

CHAPTER V.

John De Lancaster and Wilson arrive at Kray Castle.

FROM the preceding Chapter it appears that John De Lancaster had made known to Anderton the situation of Amelia Jones, and that gentleman no sooner found himself in private with his new friends, than, turning to our hero, he said—The hopes, you have held out

to me of beholding the relick of my dear-loved friend, inspire me with new life, and I will not despair but that the clear air of Wales may keep my waining lamp alive a little longer.

At least I'll give the experiment a chance, for though I don't fear death, simply considered as a dismissal from this world, yet I would most devoutly wish to fit myself for it as my passport to the world to come. For that, alas! I have made no preparation. Of my religion I am supremely ignorant; I have had no church, no pastor to instruct me. I scarce know why and by what right I call myself a Christian : I must believe I ought to understand the book of duties, that is open to me ; but where is the instructor? Nothing can be too much for me to give, could I but find that charitable man, who patiently and pious-

ly would teach me rightly to know and reverence my God, or ere I am summoned to appear before him. The tomb itself can be no darker than my ignorant mind; he whose instruction will throw light on that, will merit all the uses of my fortune, on which there is not in this world one, who by affinity or friendship has the slightest claim, now that Amelia Jones is so disposed of.

Stop there, said the Reverend Mr. Wilson, if you please. Had you not named what seems so like a lure to bribe me to your service, I had offered my best endeavours, as in duty bound (being myself a minister of the Gospel), to give you that assistance, which you profess yourself so earnest to obtain.

Oh that you would ! said Anderton.

Be patient, rejoined Wilson, I can make no promise till I am satisfied,

that you withdraw all thoughts of every thing, which seems allied to worldly recompence, and credit me for pure benevolence and zeal to serve my God by services to you. Here therefore we must conclude this conversation for the present, and wait till further knowledge of each other may possibly dispose us to renew it with effect.

In the further progress of their voyage Anderton's gentle and benignant nature so recommended him to Wilson, and he drew such comfort from the discourses, which that excellent instructor favoured him with, that, as his understanding opened, his spirits and his health improved, and he became as it were a new creature.

As they neared the land, the breeze freshened, and in the first of the morning they came to anchor in the port of Falmouth. Upon their landing, the

attendants on the corpse lost no time in providing for its conveyance to Exeter, where fresh relays were to be had; and, when these arrangements were made, our hero and his friend, with young Williams only, set out for Kray Castle by the shortest road, and Anderton bent his course to London. The journey of these gentlemen was in all respects like the journeys, which other gentlemen take, except in novels, for the drivers and horses, whether good or bad, performed their stages, and their carriage was driven into the court of Kray Castle, nay, even up to the castle-door, without accident or adventure of any kind. The surprise of the old porter was such, that he took especial care, that every body within hearing should partake of it, and rang out an alarm so violent, that some cracked bells and some

crazy towers would have resented it in a manner not very convenient for the puller of the rope, which provoked them to such clamorous exertion.

The family had not quitted the breakfast-room, for Mr. De Lancaster had engaged their attention to a dissertation upon dreams, in consequence of a prediction, which David Ap Rees had ventured to enounce from his tripod, namely, that Mr. John De Lancaster was on his road, and would speedily arrive in safety; David having gone to bed with a full dose of soporifick metheglin, and been visited in his sleep with the vision of young John and his father alighting at the castle-gate safe and sound from the backs of two griffins, that had flown with them through the air. This he had imparted to his patron after his morning serenade, and that

excellent person had entertained a very good opinion of the prophecy, though he had some hesitation to admit the vehicle of the griffins: Upon this circumstance he commenced a learned dissertation upon dreams, holding at nought Mr. Locke's notion of their being made up of the waking man's thoughts, and substituting an opinion of his own, which took up so much time in explanation, and grew to be so entirely unintelligible by his mode of explaining it, that when the turret bell sounded out that terrible alarm, old Morgan started and cried out amain—What the devil is coming to us now? That horrid bell has waked me out of a comfortable nap, in which I was dreaming of—

Your grandson John, said De Lancaster, and behold he is here!

It is in scenes like this, which now

took place upon the sudden entrance of our hero, that speeches cannot be found for people, who all speak at the same time, and of course out-talk description. The tender sex have tearful eyes and trembling nerves for these occasions ; the three seniors had their several modes of giving vent to their joy, and each mode different from the other.—The dream is verified, cried De Lancaster, my grandson is arrived in safety—But he did not come upon a dragon, said the Colonel—No matter, exclaimed old Morgan ; here he is, and that's enough.

Edward Wilson now came into the room, and the cordial congratulations of every one present were renewed upon the sight of him. In the general exultation it so happened that nobody had yet recollected to make one enquiry about poor Philip. At length Cecilia

said—What is become of my brother ?
Have you left him still in Lisbon?

He is not in Lisbon, replied John. We should not have left you without an account of every thing as it came to pass, if a single packet had sailed from Lisbon, whilst we remained in it; we came in the only one, that was on that side the water, and they stopped it till the dispatches from the army were made up. Much has occurred in the short time we have been absent from you, and we have happy news for Colonel Wilson of our gallant Major; but as we have travelled hard and are journey-baited; if you will let us satisfy our hunger first, we will then endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.

CHAPTER VI.

Familiar Anecdotes of the Family at Kray Castle : Comments on the Events, which occurred at Lisbon.

IT will be a very saving compromise for our readers to refer John De Lancaster's narrative to their recollection rather than to tire their patience with a recapitulation of what they have heard before. Let it therefore be understood that the eventful narrative has been minutely given; that Mr. De Lancaster with philosophical resignation has acquiesced in the dispensation of poor Philip's death; that he has acknowledged the hand of Providence in the seizure of his murderer, and in the consummation of his dreadful doom; and that the happy return of our beloved hero, now sole heir of the De Lancasters and Mor-

gans, with the brilliant prospect of Major Wilson's fortunate connection, leave impressions on the hearers only tinged, not obscured, by sorrow and regret.

When we reflect, said Robert De Lancaster, upon occurrences in all respects, save one, so prosperously, so providentially disposed, it would be an unpardonable offence in us, who have been listening to the narrative, were we to suffer one ingrateful murmur to escape us, because the general blessing, though beyond our hopes, and far above our merits, defeats our wishes in one single point. Cecilia will recollect how ill we jointly augured of the idle expedition, that has now proved fatal to the unhappy object, who obstinately would set out upon it, and returns a corpse. Fate has now struck him down, who would not wait to witness, as in

duty bound, and to console, as by humanity it was required of him, a wife, who languished on the bed of death. Can we complain of this? Is there not justice in the dispensation? If then it behoves me, his father, to submit in silence, who amongst you will give way to lamentation? We will consign his body to the grave with suitable respect, and his memory to oblivion with as much philosophy as we can muster, for in the journal of his days, if every action was set down, there will be found not one, on which we can engraft a single word of praise to grace him with an epitaph. Therefore, my good and worthy brother Morgan, you, who by law, and I, who by nature, fathered this poor man, will pray for life, that we may see the hour, which but for this event, had joined the hands of those affianced lovers, now in

our sight, destined, as I trust, to keep our names alive and lay our grey heads in a peaceful grave.

I'll tell you what, brother of mine, said old Morgan ; if I live to see that happy day, I don't believe I shall be content to lay my grey head in any grave at all, let it be as peaceful as it may. I hope those fatal spinsters won't cut my thread, just when I want to wind up my bottom, and be merry : why, I've a cellar full of wine, that I hope will be drank out before I die ; I have a locker full of money to scatter amongst the poor, and a subterranean of strong beer to set the antient Britons a-dancing on their heads. I know I am an old gouty good-for-nothing blockhead ; but what then ? 'Tis other people's wit, not our own, that makes us merry ; and let death stand at the door, I'll have my

laugh out, so long as he does not come in, and spoil the company : Here's my old friend Wilson, who has literally one leg in the grave, why he makes battle still, like a stout fellow, and fights upon his stumps, as Whittington did in Chevy Chase. Was there ever in the annals of good fortune such a happy father as he is ? 'Tis not in the order of things probable, that a fellow, like his son Henry, with all the disadvantages of modest merit, refined high principle and rigid unrelenting honour, should find himself invited, nay, compelled, to be one of the happiest and most prosperous gentlemen, that beauty, wealth and virtue ever joined to bless. How, in the name of all that's wonderful, did it come to pass, that Devereux, a trader in diamonds, should have the good sense to discover, and the good heart to reward,

the merits of Major Wilson? What shall I say of him? Why, I will say, that he is worthy to enjoy the friendship of De Lancaster, and his daughter to share the affection and esteem of Cecilia and Amelia; and if any body can suggest how I may do him and her greater honours, I shall be glad to hear it. As for myself, if some kind spirit, that is friendly to good fellowship, will graciously keep from me pain and sickness for a while, I shall be profoundly thankful; but I must not be importunate; if he gives me to the full as much as I deserve, and gives no more, my allowance will be nothing: still if I may be suffered to hang, as I do, like a ragged remnant, on the skirts of society, I shall be well content, for I would fain shake honest Devereux by the hand before I die; aye, and poor Anderton be-

fore he dies, because he loved the dear white man, whom I loved and lamented, and because he dandled on his knee my pretty Amelia, who is sweeter than all his sugar-canes, though she does not care a rush for such a rascally old negro as I am.

Oh sir, sir, cried Amelia, don't say that, even in jest—And rising from her seat, devoutly put her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips upon his forehead.

Child, child, he cried; don't overthrow me. I am a weak old fool with a watery head, and you, who are the fair nymph of the fountain, can make it stream at pleasure.

Brother Morgan, said De Lancaster, whilst you think fit to rally yourself with pleasantry, you shall be as pleasant as you like, and we won't quarrel with you; but if you pique us upon the serious

point of affection and respect, we may chance to defend ourselves in the same manner, that Amelia has done ; I think therefore you will do well to be contented with the salute you have got ; for the rough beard of Menelaus won't do after the sweet lips of Helen.

In the mean time, said the Colonel, if it will be any gratification to see Maria Devereux, I'll introduce her to you. It is an elegant compliment, that her father has made in sending me her picture ; and though Henry tells me in his letter, that it is not half so handsome as the original, that may be an opinion very natural for him to give, but we are not absolutely bound to take the lover's word against the painter's art. Saying this, he gave the picture to Morgan ; the ladies eagerly rose, and even De Lancaster was impatient to satisfy his curiosity

with a sight of it: The ladies were in raptures with the beauty, De Lancaster with the character of the countenance; Morgan declared at once, that he had seen enough to understand why she preferred one of the finest fellows in the British service to all the yellow-faced nobles in the court of Portugal—There is discernment, said he, in those eyes, brother De Lancaster — Yes, yes; replied the other—

“ Oculi loquuntur male pertinaces.”

CHAPTER VII.

Conversation in an Evening Walk.

THE evening was delicious, there was a stillness in the air, that seemed like the repose of nature, when our hero and his

Amelia walked forth to enjoy those happy moments, which rural scenes and rural solitude afford to Love. They were no sooner out of ear-shot from the castle walls, when John began—Now, my sweet girl, when no witness is about us, but the unseen Spirit, that protects and guards you, I can open all my heart to you without reserve, for it honours you, it loves you, it adores you. I have been absent from you ; I have visited another country, I have seen other women, and contemplated their charms and their allurements without emotion or the diversion of a thought from you. I am entirely and unalterably yours. I think you love me ; nay, I am sure you do ; nothing therefore but the hand of death can separate us, and when I dissuaded Anderton from leaving you his fortune, it was because I regarded you already as

my wife. But time, my lovely girl, must pass before I can have legal right to call you by that name. You see within how short a period I have been deprived of both my parents, and although my grandfather De Lancaster treats or feigns to treat the late melancholy event as a philosopher, I cannot help feeling it as a son ; for I was present to behold my father die and witnessed his last words. If I could charge my conscience with having hesitated or delayed to obey his summons, and hasten to his relief, I should be wretched in the extreme : but, thank Heaven, I had fortitude to tear myself from your arms, and cannot reproach myself with any breach of duty. Nothing can exceed the kindness I received from Mr. Devereux and his family : but neither his hospitality, nor the approaching nuptials of his

daughter with my friend Major Wilson, could prevail with me to prolong my stay a single hour beyond the very first packet, that afforded me an opportunity of returning to the place where I had left my heart. You will perceive I gave you credit for a mind superior to the vanity of show and ornament; for I have not brought a single gem to glitter on that lovely person, whose elegance and simplicity are its best adornments. My dear Amelia, we must seek for other honours, than decoration can give us; we must find out better uses for the affluence we are entrusted with, than gems, and equipage and splendid galas: If you and I decide upon a country life, we will not let our tranquillity degenerate into indolence, nor ever suffer these superfluities, which we have no present call for, to accumulate for those, may

chance to come after us to inherit, and perhaps to misapply, them : No, we will consider prosperity as a loan, and administer our abundance as the almoners of Providence, and stewards for the uses of our fellow-creatures, whose privations and distresses shall have claims upon that, which is not given as a monopoly to be devoured by one, but as a resource against the wants of many. By this conduct I may atone for not devoting my life, as well as my fortune, to the service of my country ; and you may walk forth amongst your poor dependent pensioners, brighter and more splendid in the lustre of your charities than if I hung you round with all the jewels of the Lady of Loretto. Let us live hospitably, becomingly, liberally, after the example of my grandfather ; but don't let us make an undistinguishing waste either by our

domestic style of living, or by wanton largesses to any, who may not deserve, as well as need, relief. We will support the industrious, who struggle against hard fortune, and the helpless, who would else sink under it; but we will not confound the lazy drone with the laborious bee. And now, beloved of my soul, as I have occupied you with a long homily, and wearied you with a long walk, here is a baiting place to repose in; sit down with me upon this shady bench, and let me read my answer in those heavenly eyes.

Oh, my dear sir, replied the fond and happy Amelia, your just and generous sentiments instruct and charm me. Convinced, that by the practice of these virtues you will ensure all that my heart can wish, all that my prayers can ask of Heaven, you give me that supreme de-

light, which only can be felt, but not described. What can I say to you? What other answer can you look for from your devoted, your betrothed Amelia, but that I am entirely yours? Is it enough to tell you, that I love you, that my whole happiness depends upon you? No; I am not quite convinced, but that the impression, which at our first interview you left so deeply fixed in this poor hopeless heart, would have compelled me to have loved you still, though you had treated me with marked neglect; nay, though you had neglected your own self, and fallen off from that high character in which I now behold you and admire. I felt as if I could have forgiven you every thing: and when you left me for so long a time without a word to soften my despair, I feared indeed that you was lost for ever,

but I did not suspect you to be cruel. I knew you was offended with Mrs. Jennings, but I was sorry to find your resentment could be so lasting, and that you would take no pains to acquit me, who was innocent, and set my mind at rest. Morning and night I mused upon the words I heard you utter, when, looking on the portrait of my father, you pledged protection to the orphan who then lived, as she still does, upon the bounty of your family—Is this the man (I said within myself) who threw his arms about me, and pressed me with such rapture to his heart? Was there no meaning in that fond embrace? Did it sink only into my sad heart? Alas, I hoped that his had felt it too!—Thus I tormented my poor wretched self, till now, behold! I am sitting by your side

—Nay; hear me out!—I have not told one half—

The expostulation was not out of place, for by some means or other, (what I know not) our heroine was defrauded of her right to tell the other half; and whether it was ever told, or not, I hope is no great object to the reader; for, upon the word and honour of a novelist, I have no authority, that can decide the question.

In due time the corpse of Philip De Lancaster arrived and was interred in the vault with his ancestors. Every member of that antient house attended the funeral, and several of the intimates and friends of the family shewed their respect by being present at the solemnity.

As the parishioners and labouring poor

had no particular reason for tears and lamentations, they reasonably enough forbore to interrupt the ceremony, and only gratified their curiosity by gazing on the plumes and scutcheons and the costly pall and coffin: this did extremely well, and the cheering horn of fat Welch ale, that was dealt out to quench a thirst, that was natural to them at all times, and did not spring upon this occasion from sorrow, did still better. A great company were regaled in the state apartments of the castle, and a mighty mob in the lower regions.

Whilst these things were going on, Lawyer Davis, Doctor Llewellyn and the family-bard old Williams held a special consistory in a private cell, for the purpose of minuting down the *memoranda*, proper to be inserted in the family archives under the article of 'Phi-

“ lip De Lancaster Esquire, lineally descended in the male line without a flaw from Japhet, son of Noah.”

The bard was to dictate ; the Lawyer was to write, and the Doctor was to smoke his pipe, and make comments. As it was a business not to be dismissed in a slight perfunctory manner, there was a huge can of metheglin on the table to assist thought, for the *data*, that blind David had to go upon, were rather of the scantiest ; and when a biographer has little or nothing before him, he must depend upon his wits for matter.

David opened the consultation by observing, that, before they sate down to their work, it was correctly in rule to make a libation to the immortal memory of the excellent person, whose virtues they were about to record ; and he assured himself, that posterity would

peruse the life and actions of Mr. Philip De Lancaster with peculiar interest and avidity.

After they had drank they began to deliberate, and the Doctor suggested, that the first thing needful was to prove the life, before they narrated the actions, of Mr. De Lancaster.

That is already settled, said the Lawyer, by entering, as I have done, the date of his birth.

Pardon me, replied the Doctor, that entry is not quite authority, unless you can show that he was *born to die*; for in many cases, which I have met, the death of the object in question has been known to forerun the birth.

Here is the date of his death, rejoined the Lawyer, copied from the plate on his coffin; and by this it appears, that

he lived to complete a period of forty-three years, five months and three days.

Sufficit ! said Llewellyn ; the plate upon his coffin is evidence. Now let us understand what he employed himself upon during that period.

A silence ensued for a considerable time. David referred himself to the metheglin ; the other two to meditation on the past events of Philip's life, as materials for history.

He was very fond of angling, said the Lawyer.—He was so, replied the Doctor, and you may put that down in the archives, only you need not inform posterity, that he never got a bite.

Pooh ! rejoined Davis, that naturally happened, because he was too indolent to bait his hook.—He had an acknowledged partiality for the game of chess.

Yes, and an acknowledged ignorance of it, said the Doctor. I am apt to think, that it will be perfectly safe to record, that he was six feet high—

Wanting half an inch, rejoined the Lawyer.

Pshaw ! exclaimed the Doctor ; if you begin to reckon up all that is *wanting*, there will be no end to the account.

David now unmuzzled his oracle, and began to utter—Gentlemen, give me leave to observe to you, that you wander from the points, that chiefly constituted the exemplary character of the deceased personage, whose incomparable qualities we are even now preparing to commemorate. He possessed, as I can witness, a most laudable respect for the almost miraculous powers of music : I do not say that Mr. Philip De Lancaster was

skilled in the practice of that sublime art ; but I do say, that he was at the pains of ascending the winding staircase of my turret, and of entering my chamber on the top of it, for the benevolent purpose of employing me to expel the meagrim, or blue devils, as they are called, from the possession they had taken of his lady, and restoring her to health and spirits by the healing remedy of dulcet tones, elicited by me from my harp.

A fiddlestick for your harp ! exclaimed the man of medicine. I tell you, that its dulcet tones were the very death of his wife. You may take that from me friend David, *in verbo medici*.

I'll not take that from you, or any one else, friend or foe, retorted the enraged musician ; and now began an altercation between chemicals and galeni-

cals *versus* chords and crotchets, which was maintained with such heat, (both gentlemen being of the principality,) that in the confusion of tongues all memory of poor Philip's history was done away, and to this hour no record, anecdote or account of that unfortunate gentleman is any where to be found, save only what the historic tool of the engraver has briefly inscribed upon the lacquered plate, that ornaments his coffin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our History verges to its Conclusion.—Cornet Roberts arrives at Penruth Abbey.

A VERY few days had elapsed since the event, recorded in our preceding chapter had taken place, when intelligence reached the castle, that the young heir of

Penruth Abbey had arrived there from Lisbon. The servant, who brought this news, was the bearer also of a letter from Cornet Roberts to our hero, signifying that he was charged with a letter from Major Wilson to his father, which with permission, he would have the honour of delivering into his hands. The answer of our hero expressed every thing, that hospitality and politeness could convey; but certain reasons, still in force, prevailed with him to avoid, for the present at least, a visit to the abbey. A very short time however brought young Roberts to the castle, where he was received with all possible cordiality. He had left his friend the Major on the point of setting out for the review at Elvas, and as his marriage with Maria Devereux had taken place, the bride and her father had been invited, and were preparing to

accompany him in the royal suite: in his letter to the Colonel he announces his intention of coming over to England upon the close of the campaign, and the family seat in Herefordshire was by order of Mr. Devereux furnishing and preparing for his reception. Prosperity had flowed in upon him; promotion awaited him, and every thing seemed conspiring for his happiness.

Roberts in the mean time ingratiated himself to every body, old or young, in the family of De Lancaster, by that modesty of mind and manners, in which his sudden turn of fortune made no change. He made frequent short excursions to the Abbey, where he had projected several considerable works for the occupation and employment of the labouring poor; but his delicacy never suffered him to ask John De Lancaster to

accompany him. John attended upon him however to the house of old Ap Rees, when he went to invest him with the annuity settled upon him and his son. The business was so cautiously introduced, and so delicately conducted, that it created no very painful agitation on the part of the old man—I have so deep a sense, said Roberts, of the injuries you have received from the deceased person, whose property, but not whose principles, I inherit, that, so long as life is granted to me, I will be the friend of you and all that may belong to you or yours; so be assured—The venerable minstrel bowed his head; but the sad recollection of his dear-loved daughter weighed upon his heart, and he was silent.

This and so many instances like this, occurred to strengthen and confirm our hero's high opinion of young Roberts,

that in hearts like theirs acquaintance soon was ripened into friendship ; in proof of which it may not be entirely out of place to record a circumstance, that happened at the county races. Sir Arthur Floyd, the steward for the year preceding, had nominated John De Lancaster as his successor in that office, and when the time came round for his appearing in that character, his grandfather and friends were of opinion, that he could not handsomely absent himself. He proposed to Roberts to accompany him, and with some hesitation he accepted it. At the ordinary John in right of office took the chair ; the cornet, as yet unknown to the gentlemen of the county, in his riding dress, and out of uniform, attracted very little notice, and declined all offers of introduction. It had been whispered however

between some at table, that a near relation of Sir David Ap Owen was there, present and amongst them. When the glass had gone round briskly, and Welch blood began to stir, a sporting kind of half gentleman at the bottom of the table, who had been of the Ap Owen hunt, stood up and in a loud voice desired to ask a question of the president: leave was instantly given him from the chair to propose it.

He was ready enough with his words, and, addressing himself to De Lancaster, spoke as follows—Mr. President, it is not my good fortune to possess any great property in this county, but I hold it in as much honour and respect, as any gentleman here present, being perhaps of as antient standing, none excepted, not even yourself, Mr. De Lancaster, whom we are all proud to see at

the head of this table as our steward, and shall be still prouder to see you there in good time as our representative.

A clapping of hands, and a vehement clatter of glasses, ensued—The speaker as soon as silence was restored, proceeded—Mr. President, I am sorry to say that a great and grievous disgrace has been cast upon this county by the infamous conduct of as dire a wretch, as ever went into his grave unchanged. I mean the late Sir David Ap Owen; I speak out; I am no slanderer. And now, Mr. President, I am informed, (whether truly or not you perhaps can tell) that there is a near relation of that wretch, who has so disgraced us, actually present in this company.

I am that person, said young Roberts, instantly starting up, and cutting him short in his oration. I am nephew to

the late worthy Sir Owen Ap Owen, and of course first cousin to the late unworthy heir of his title and estate. Now, sir, if my presence, gives you on that account any umbrage, I am ready to leave the company, provided you go with me; for having the honour to wear the King's commission, I am not willing to disgrace it by putting up with an affront from you, or any man alive, who can prove himself a gentleman.

Several persons now rose at the same time, and called upon the orator for an apology, when upon John De Lancaster's appealing to be heard in right of office, all were silent and sate down—Gentlemen, he said, I am persuaded, that a very few words in the way of explanation will set this matter right, without disturbing the peace of the company, or wounding the feelings of

any person present. It would be hard indeed upon my friend Mr. Roberts, it would be hard upon me, who am proud to call him by that name, if, because he inherits the estate of an anti-ent and respectable family in this county, the guilt of that man, through whose hands it passed in its descent to him, could be supposed to cast the slightest stain upon his character: that I am sure was not the purpose of the gentleman, who was pleased to address himself to me. He spoke upon the impulse of an honest indignation against one, who is far enough removed from this assembly, not from the premeditated motive of putting an affront upon a gentleman, whose company confers an honour, wheresoever he bestows it. If therefore I conjecture rightly of my worthy countryman at the other end of

the table, I will put it to the proof by calling upon him to pledge me in a toast, which I will give to the health and prosperity of our new neighbour, Charles Roberts esquire, the present heir and owner of Penruth Abbey.

Instantly, without a moment's loss, the orator started on his legs, and having filled his glass to the brim, with a loud voice, directed to Mr. Roberts, cried again, that he hoped he would accept of his apology, and that he drank his health with all his heart. When the toast had gone round, the young heir of the Ap Owens rose, and having made his acknowledgments to the company, professed himself perfectly satisfied with the testimony, which the gentleman, who addressed the president, had been pleased to give of his good opinion of him. Thus by the temperate and

manly interference of our hero, the spirit of discord, which for a time had worn so menacing an aspect, was expelled, and harmony and goodfellowship reinstated in its stead.

CHAPTER IX.

The History is concluded.

WHEN John De Lancaster returned to Kray Castle, Edward Wilson communicated to him a letter, which he had from Anderton, of which the following is the substance :

“ Dear Sir !

“ Having at length settled all my temporal affairs, nothing remains for me in this world but to prepare my mind to meet that awful moment, which

must soon dismiss me from it. I rather think my complaint has gained upon me, since my residence in London, and the physician, whom I have consulted, tells me that I must positively lose no time in seeking out some country-house in a better climate and a purer air. From what passed between us on our passage, (which, though you may have forgotten, I never can) I have cherished hopes, that perhaps your benevolence may induce you to procure for me a situation in your neighbourhood, where I may enjoy the comfort of your edifying and instructive conversation. Could I obtain this blessing, it would be all I wish for; I should die content. If you return a favourable answer, I shall instantly set out, and I flatter myself that by easy stages I may accomplish the journey : if on the contrary you reject

my suit, I have only to thank you for your favours past, resign myself to despair, and bid you everlastingly farewell."

When John De Lancaster had read thus far, he eagerly enquired of Wilson what answer he had returned to this pitiable appeal. I have told him, replied Wilson, that I am about to fix my residence in the parish, of which I am the minister, and as my parsonage house is by the bounty of your grandfather rendered perfectly commodious, and has the further recommendation of being situated in a fine air and very beautiful spot, I shall very gladly receive him in it, and shew him all the attentions in my power for such time as it may suit him to make use of it.

The return of the post brought a letter from poor Anderton full of acknowledgments for the generous offer, which he

most gladly embraced, and was eagerly employed in preparing for his journey.

Nothing now remained but to wait the expiration of the time allotted to the forms of mourning. That interval was not chequered by a single incident, that could disturb the happiness of our hero, or of any of those worthy characters, whose story may have gained an interest in the reader's wishes.

Anderton, having slowly crawled through his long length of journey, arrived at Kray Castle, where Edward Wilson waited for him; and having lived to see the lovely daughter of his friend in perfect happiness and high prosperity, retired with Wilson to his calm asylum, where after a short period profitably employed he closed his days in peace.

Mr. Devereux, having delivered over

to his son the management of his concerns in Portugal, came with the Major and Maria to England, and having paid a visit to the family at Kray Castle, established himself in his fine old mansion in Herefordshire, in the centre of a noble property, augmented by purchases and embellished by improvements.

Colonel Wilson lived to see his beloved Edward, after the decease of Anderton, married to the amiable and accomplished daughter of Sir Arthur Floyd. His frequent visits at Sir Arthur's house, which was within a very short distance of his own, had naturally given rise to an attachment, which, when Anderton's bequest had established him in affluence, and not till then, he made known, and found his well-placed passion was returned.

The good old Morgan kept a gay

heart, and the gout at a distance. Whilst he was for ever laying out a character for himself, which every action of his life contradicted, no persuasion could divert him from ordering new carriages to be built and fine horses to be bought in town for the purpose of setting out his grandson with a splendid equipage, that he had no wish for. He bustled over in prodigious haste to Glen Morgan, as soon as ever the day was named for the wedding, and gave directions that open house should be kept for three days after that event took place, and free allowance without stint to all drunken idlers, that chose to lend a hand to the draining of his cellars.

When his brother-in-law gravely took him to task, and remonstrated against these lawless proceedings, as tending to produce nothing but riot and disorder,

he stuck boldly to his text, and would not waver ; contending that it was fit and right the tillers of the soil should enjoy the produce of the soil, and, if they quarrelled over their cups, they might fight it out over their cups for what he cared ; a few broken heads would set all to rights ; and as for riots and disturbances, if the county could not keep its own peace, he hoped he was not bound to keep it for them.

In the mean time he was not wholly inattentive to his own person, but found a half-crazed chattering Denbigh tailor to fit him out with a flaming suit, laced down the seams, like the jacket of a drum-major ; and at the same time provided himself with a most tremendous perriwig, and long cravat of Brussels lace. He was with difficulty prevented

from heaping tawdry ornaments and trinkets upon Amelia, that would totally have destroyed all those charms, which the elegant simplicity of her own taste knew so much better how to set off and recommend. But the Jew Lyons exhibited a glittering show-box, and having trapped him into the purchase of the French watch, that he bestowed upon Amelia, knew the value of so good a customer.

Cecilia De Lancaster was the presiding spirit, that kept all things straight and steady in their course: at her command they moved, by her discretion they were governed and directed. Under her control joy was not suffered to run riot, and the vagaries of old Morgan were kept within bounds: to any other authority but her's he paid no regard,

and had a way of parrying the railleries of Wilson, and the remonstrances of De Lancaster.

That venerable and worthy personage preserved a dignified tranquillity. A smile sate upon his countenance, and his eyes brightened when he turned them on Amelia and his grandson. He caused a considerable length of parchment to be added to his roll of pedigree, for the purpose of leaving space for the future descendants from John De Lancaster and Amelia Jones. He put old David upon composing an epithalamium, which when written down as he dictated it, turned out to be very little shorter than *the Last Lay of the Minstrel*. Neither was his own genius unemployed, for he composed, and was at the pains of writing with his own hand

a set of maxims, which he intitled *rules for domestic happiness in the married state*. They consisted chiefly of truisms, which he was at the pains of proving; and of errors so obvious, that examination could not make them clearer. He pointed out so many ways, by which man and wife must render each other miserable, that he seemed to have forgot, that the purport of his rules was to make them happy. So little was this learned work adapted to the object held out in the title, that, if it had been pasted up for general use on the door of a church, it may be doubted if any, who had read it, would have entered there to be married.

He delivered it however with much solemnity, to his grandson—saying to him—Here is a proof, my dear John, how seriously my thoughts have been

employed for your instruction : govern yourself by these rules, and you will be happy.

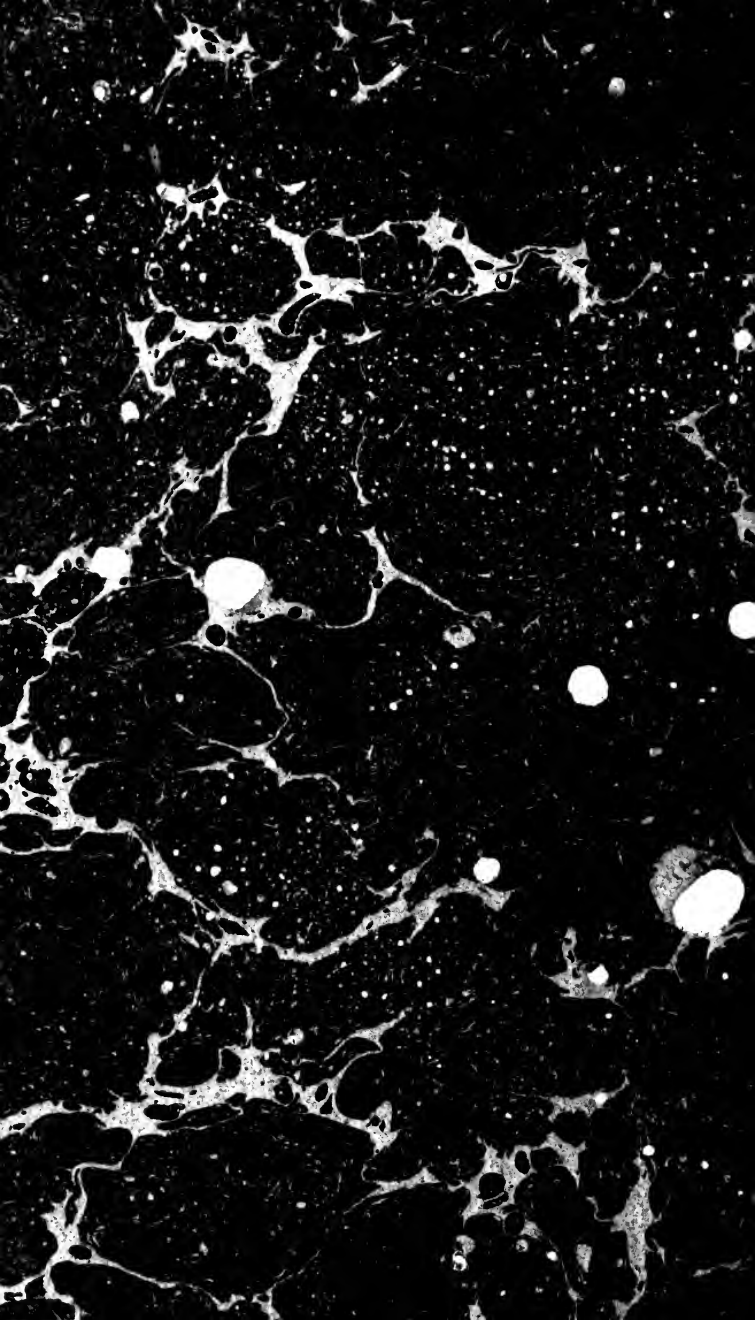
If I govern myself by your example, John made answer, I shall have no need of rules.

On the evening preceding the wedding-day, John drew Amelia aside, and conducting her to the private chamber, which he made his study, produced a case, which he said contained the family jewels of the De Lancasters and Morgans, newly set—I have added nothing to them, he said, for I am fully conscious they can add nothing to you : It is fit however that you should have them, and wear them, when you see occasion : our friends seem to wish it, and our fortune fully warrants it. When I shall put this plain good ring upon your fin-

ger tomorrow, and confirm it as the symbol of our union with an oath before the altar, trifles like these jewels will have no further value, as the test of my affection: that is made secure to you, not only by the graces of your person, which ornaments cannot improve, but also by the virtues of your mind, which time cannot impair.

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